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ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1916

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1916

AND YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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LAURENCE J. GOMME
1916

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TO

MRS. DANIEL McQUESTEN

FOR THE MUSE ON LAUREL FARM

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INTRODUCTION

Ten years ago in writing an introduction to a collection of Elizabethan poetry which I had edited, Colonel Higginson, naming some of the great figures of the period, remarked that they stood out as "memorials of an intellectual group which must have been greatly self-sustaining and by no means the outcome of any mere patronage." He went on to comment, "What it is which provides at irregular intervals of human history such rare intellectual groups, we cannot tell, and De Quincey seems hardly extravagant when he likens them to earthquake periods or equinoctial gales, things inscrutable and wondrous. . . . Even America is now old enough to look back on two marked epochs, the one represented by Cooper and Irving — writers of prose only — the other by Emerson and Longfellow. The utmost that can be done for these exceptional combinations is to study them while they flourish, and do justice to them when they have passed by."

When these words were written their author, whose life had spanned the two epochs in American letters of which he speaks, could not foresee another that was to rise during the next decade. The beginning of these annual reviews of American poetry in the columns of this paper had been

noted by the venerable author, and apart from the service such appraisement might render, he was a little amazed at my faith in the future. But I catch now at that phrase Colonel Higginson used in reference to those "rare intellectual groups," which flourish at "irregular intervals of human history," which, like "earthquake periods or equinoctial gales," are "things inscrutable and wondrous." I catch at it because there is a relation between it and history that may possibly be explained; that may account in part, and only in part, as far as we are able to understand the cause of human events. On the surface it does not remain so inscrutable as wondrous. And that relation is between these intellectual groups, which have mostly been poetic groups, and war.

The two epochs in American letters mentioned by Colonel Higginson, and represented by Cooper and Irving, and Emerson and Longfellow, were epochs that synchronized with conflict; Cooper and Irving were of the Revolution and Emerson and Longfellow of the Civil War. In the history of English literature such groups may be found to run parallel with force of conflict. The significance, however, which has brought this about, is inscrutable. Beneath the surface of the conflict, which may be a brief affair like the defeat of the Armada or a long affair like the Napoleonic wars, is a spiritual meaning, obscure, baffling, volatile, which runs in the sub-conscious channels of national life, breaking forth in the idealistic utterances of creative minds. The period that produces an Armada also produces the Elizabethan poets; a French Revolution and the Napoleonic

wars, the Post-Georgian poets; a Civil War such as our own, the New England group. There have been, of course, other wars in which the Saxon mind has touched in modern times, but they did not have the world influence of these wars; they produced a fallow period of poetry because they touched the national and not the international conscience of the world. The social mind of the most intellectual portions of the human race was not driven to decide between advocates that sought to rule through one or the other forces of tyranny or liberty.

I try to connect in some such way our present period of poetic accomplishment, I believe that inscrutably and mysteriously the forces which a generation have been preparing for the present European war, have also by an unusual combination of spirtiual circumstances brought about the renaissance of poetry in both England and America. The fermentation of national affairs has always antedated the spiritual flowering. The evidence that the two are related shows in the fact that around the pivot of a war in which the conscience of the world is brought to judgment a vigorous and productive creative era prevails. The last five years in England have seen the rise of a group of poets who, in mood, form and substance, are entirely uninfluenced by their immediate predecessors. In America there has been, I think, a much longer preparation for the outburst which came two years ago. If we take Robinson, Frost, Masters, Anna Branch, Amy Lowell, and James Oppenheim to indicate the chief exponents of the more important groups, we will find

that only two out of the number had not published before 1912; but even these two, Miss Lowell and Frost, were writing and experimenting for a full decade before issuing a collection. It is significant, however, that between 1912 and the present year all these poets, with a number not named here, have gathered a body of work that has ascended with convincing proof of power on the wave of the great European war.

And this has had little or nothing to do with the establishment of poetry magazines. They were a natural development of the demand which a national mood created. That mood will not be foisted upon. It is in the long run a rational mood. It may for a time indulge in fancies, but the indulgence is really for the process of a careful selection. An examination of the past four years, for all its turmoil of debate about methods and aims, about and between the various groups, will show a change and yet a stability in the art that is unmistakable. The point of departure from conservatism may be dated from the establishment of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, the instrument of Ezra Pound's radicalism. Mr. Masters was promoted by the discernment of William Marion Reedy, and Mr. Frost, whatever his experiences in England, we owe largely to the discernment of a reader in the hills of Vermont who happened to belong to a family of publishers. What I want to make clear is that the change from conservatism was very largely individual in the poet; and such poets as Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim, and others who have with different methods brought their art into the

channels of a great tradition, have stabilized, with those who have not experimented in form, the whole movement of this period.

At the beginning of the present year one could define four separate groups of poets. The fixed and firm traditionalists, the social-revolutionists, the Imagists, and the Radicals of the *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse* group, who regard Ezra Pound as their idol and master. Much has happened during the year, subtle and persistently, to clear the befogged atmosphere of our poetic progress. The last-named group has produced, in my opinion, one poet, Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, who fathered the cradle of Mr. Pound's brood. In every case of radical experiment the real poet has survived. Out of Imagism Miss Lowell rises as the one American exponent who must be reckoned with in this era of poetic accomplishment; neither is there any doubt about Masters, who also has violated the regular modes of verse; the same must be said of Frost, whose conception of blank verse is evolutionary; and Oppenheim's polyrythmic verse is an adequate medium for his substance. On the other hand Mr. Sandburg, a much-heralded innovator, has not lived up to prophecy; the radical influence of *Poetry* itself has waned, the collected poems of Pound has so little interest for the American public that they find it difficult to obtain an American publisher, and the magazine *Others*, largely supported by his disciples, has, I understand, ceased publication.

With the balance that has been struck with the elimination of a great deal that sounded false, and which was very much in evidence a year ago, Amer-

ican poetry bids fair to progress with fewer distractions. In spite of the above facts, it must be admitted that the art is not the same as it was a few years ago. It has changed, changed both in substance and form. It is not nearly so conservative. The influence of the innovators has been felt. Strength, independence, and more daring execution have resulted from contact with the new forces. Though I do not always sympathize with the propagandist sentiment of the poets who write on the social note, they have nevertheless infused a vigorous and passionate quality into verse. The Imagists have also added a strain of virility and a dramatic mood which has stiffened the rhythm and decorated the symbols of the art.

I have found in my examination of the magazines for the past year that a freer movement has taken place all through our poetry. There is less of the strict conventional regularity, which does not mean that the traditional patterns of verse have been abandoned, but that the poets are using rhythm with more flexibility. Such poems as "Miracles" and "Evensong," by Conrad Aiken, "The Barber Shop," by Mary Aldis, "The Horse Thief," by William Rose Benét, "In the Home Stretch" and "The Hill Wife," by Robert Frost, "Cross Patch," by Horace Holley, "Idealists" and "Earth Wisdom," by Alfred Kreymborg, "Saint John of Nepomuc," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, "Moods," by David O'Neil, "Kan-il-Lak the Singer," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, and "Clothes," by Jean Starr Untermeyer, are among the best of the year, and are so because the flexibility of form gives scope to substance.

On the other hand, there have been many beautiful poems in which the poets adhere strictly to regular patterns. To appreciate poetry one must be able to recognize the immortal virtues which give to art its significance. The sapphics of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Harvest-Moon, 1916," the lovely regularity of Victor Starbuck's "Night for Adventures," and "The Inn of the Five Chimneys," by Clinton Scollard, the classic richness and elaborate rhythm of "We Who Were Lovers of Life" and other choruses from "The Story of Eleusis," by Louis V. Ledoux; the splendid sonnets, "The City" and "Riverside," by Brian Hooker; those finely polished lyrics of Witter Bynner's, "To No One in Particular," and "A Thrush in the Moonlight"; Amelia Josephine Burr's touching memorial, "The Poppies"; Karle Wilson Baker's "Good Company" and "At the Picture Show"; Stephen Vincent Benét's excellent ballads, "The Hemp," and Scudder Middleton's very striking rendering of "The Clerk." The whole average of the magazine poetry of the year is higher. There are fewer contrasts in accomplishments. The subjects and treatment are so varied that one cannot so easily as in former years differentiate the achievements.

While not quite the same in regard to the published volumes of the year, there are, nevertheless, no sensational successes to be recorded as during 1915. The excitement of finding first-rate poetry produced by American poets in our day has, perhaps, somewhat subsided with the public; and they are taking their gifts more soberly and solidly. Such volumes of the year as here men-

tioned are permanent addditions to the art, volumes, I mean, that will have readers and admirers for a long time to come — as Robinson's "Man Against the Sky," Olive Tilford Dargan's "The Cycle's Rim," Masters' "Songs and Satires," and "The Great Valley," "War and Laughter," by James Oppenheim, Aiken's "Turns and Movies," and "The Jig of Forslin," Amelia Josephine Burr's "Life and Living," Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas," "Some Imagist Poets, 1916: An Anthology"; Hagedorn's "The Great Maze," Ledoux's "The Story of Eleusis," Amy Lowell's "Men, Women and Ghosts," Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "The Night Court and Other Poems," Neihardt's "The Quest," Adelaide Crapsey's "Verse," a distinguished little volume; Jeffers's "Californians," a volume by a new poet that has a distinctive value; "The Testament of William Windune," which seems to me extremely fine and unusual in treatment, by J. H. Wallis; "Sea and Bay," by Charles Wharton Stork, and "Jordan Farms," by Frederick S. Pierce, homespun idyls with quiet and appealing loveliness.

W. S. B.

Nativity, November 6, 1916
A. J. B. = T. S. J., Jr.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets, to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from whose pages are selected the poems included in the "Anthology," and to the publishers for granting permissions to use poems which have already, or shortly are, to be included in volumes by the respective poets, I wish to offer my hearty thanks for their courteous and willing cooperation.

I wish also to thank The Boston Transcript Co. for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript.*

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using selections which were copyrighted by them since appearing in the magazines and before the publication of this "Anthology":

The Macmillan Co.: "The Unforgiven," "Nimmo's Eyes," in *The Man Against the Sky, A Book of Poems,* by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "We Who Were Lovers of Life," "Mater Dolorosa," and "Song of the Daughters of Celeus," in *The Story of Eleusis,* by Louis V. Ledoux; "Malmaison," "Battledore and Shuttlecock," and "1777," in *Men, Women and Ghosts,* by Amy Lowell; "The Star," and "Simon Surnamed Peter," in *Songs and Satires,* by Edgar Lee Masters.

Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Harvest-Moon: 1916," and "A Dog," in *Harvest Moon,* by Jose-

phine Preston Peabody; "Evensong," in *Turns and Movies*, by Conrad Aiken.

Henry Holt and Co.: "In the Home Stretch," "The Impulse," and "The Oft-Repeated Dream," in *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost.

The Century Co.: "The Red Month," and "Daughter," in *War and Laughter*, by James Oppenheim; "Saint John of Nepomuc," and "Revelation," in *The Night Court and Other Verse*, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

George H. Doran Co.: "The Poppies," "Nocturne," and "End and Beginning," in *Life and Living*, by Amelia Josephine Burr.

Mitchell Kennerley: "Cross Patch," and "The Orchard," in *Divinations and Creation*, by Horace Holley.

The Manas Press: "Dirge," "Triad," "Moon-shadows," "Susanna and the Elders," "Night Winds," "Amaze," "The Warning," and "Song," in *Verse*, by Adelaide Crapsey.

Edmund D. Brooks: "At the Old Ladies' Home," in *A Lark Went Singing*, by Ruth Guthrie Harding.

E. P. Dutton and Co.: "To Sigurd," in *Fairy Gold*, by Katharine Lee Bates.

Duffield and Co.: "The Sisters," in *Flashlights*, by Mary Aldis.

Laurence J. Gomme: "Forgiveness," in *The Dead Musician and Other Poems*, by Charles L. O'Donnell.

The Four Seas Co.: "Miracles," in *The Jig of Forslin*, by Conrad Aiken.

Richard G. Badger: "The Weaver," in *Law and Love*, by E. J. V. Huiginn.

ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS

THE STAR

I am a certain god
Who slipped down from a remote height
To a place of pools and stars.
And I sat invisible
Amid a clump of trees
To watch the mad men.

There were cries and groans about me,
And shouts of laughter and curses.
Figures passed by with self-absorbed contempt
Wrinkling in bitter smiles about their lips.
Others hurried on with set eyes
Pursuing something.
Then I said this is the place for mad Frederick —
Mad Frederick will be here.

But everywhere I could see
Figures sitting or standing
By little pools.
Some seemed grown into the soil
And were helpless.
And of these some were asleep.
Others laughed the laughter
That comes from dying men
Trying to face Death.
And others said "I should be content."
And others said "I will fly."
Whereupon sepulchral voices muttered,
As of creatures sitting or hanging head down
From limbs of the trees,
"We will not let you."
And others looked in their pools
And clasped hands and said "Gone — all gone."
By other pools there were dead bodies,

Some of youth, some of age.
They had given up the fight,
They had drunk poisoned water,
They had searched
Until they fell —
All had gone mad.

Then I, a certain god,
Curious to know
What it is in pools and stars
That drives men and women
Over the earth in this quest,
Waited for mad Frederick
And then I heard his step.

I knew that long ago
He sat by one of these pools
Enraptured of a star's image
And that hands, for his own good,
As they said,
Dumped clay into the pool
And blotted his star.
And I knew that after that
He had said: "They will never spy again
Upon my ecstasy.
They will never see me watching one star.
I will fly by rivers
And by little brooks
And by the edge of lakes
And by little bends of water
Where no wind blows,
And glance at stars as I pass —
They will never spy again
Upon my ecstasy."

And I knew that mad Frederick
In this flight
Through years of restlessness and madness
Was caught by the image of a star
In a mere beyond a meadow,
Down from a hill, under a forest,
And had said:
"No one sees;
Here I can find life
Through vision of eternal things!"
But they had followed him.
They stood on the brow of the hill,
And when they saw him gazing in the water
They rolled a great stone down the hill,
And shattered the star's image.
Then mad Frederick fled with laughter.
It echoed through the wood.
And he said, "I will look for moons.
I will punish them who disturb me,
By worshipping moons."
But when he sought moons
They left him alone.
And he did not want the moons.
And he was alone, and sick from the moons,
And covered as with a white blankness,
Which was the worst madness of all.

And I, a certain god,
Waiting for mad Frederick
To enter this place of pools and stars,
Saw him at last.
With a sigh he looked about upon his fellows
Sitting or standing by their pools.
And some of the pools were covered with scum
And some were glazed as of filth
And some were grown with weeds

And some were congealed as of the north wind
And a few were yet pure
And held the star's image.
And by these some sat and were glad.
Others had lost the vision:
The star was there, but its meaning vanished.
And mad Frederick going here and there
With no purpose
Only curious and interested
As I was, a certain god,
Came by a certain pool
And saw a star.

He shivered.
He clasped his hands.
He sank to his knees.
He touched his lips to the water!

Then voices from the limbs of the trees muttered:
"There he is again."
"He must be driven away."
"The pool is not his."
"He does not belong here."
So as when bats fly in a cave
They swooped from their hidings in the trees
And dashed themselves in the pool.
Then I saw what these flying things were.
But no matter;
They were thoughts evil and envious
And selfish and dull,
But with power to destroy.
And mad Frederick turned away from the pool
And covered his eyes with his arms.
Then a certain god
Of less power than mine
Came and sat beside me and said:

"Why do you allow this to be?
They are all seeking,
Why do you not let them find their heart's delight?
Why do you allow this to be?"
But I did not answer.
The lesser god did not know
That I have no power,
That only the God has the power
And that this must be
In spite of all lesser gods.

And I saw mad Frederick
Arise and ascend to the top of a high hill.
And I saw him find the star
Whose image he had seen in the pool.
Then he knelt and prayed:
"Give me to understand, O star,
Your inner self, your eternal spirit,
That I may have you and not images of you,
So that I may know what has driven me through the world,
And may cure my soul.
For I know you are Eternal Love
And I can never escape you.
And if I cannot escape you
Then I must serve you.
And if I must serve you
It must be to good and not ill —
You have brought me from the forest of pools
And the images of stars,
Here to the hill's top.
Where now do I go?
And what shall I do?"

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

The old book's magic seized me as I read;
I heard the waves sigh on the Syrian shore,
And on dark Heliodora's perfumed head
The myrtles bloomed once more,

As when, in Gadara, young life was sweet
To her the while she watched the shadows play
Along the marble floor, and at her feet
Young Meleager lay.

I heard his voice in soft hexameters,
Alternate fire and honey, fall and rise;
In limpid Doric spoke his love, and hers
Shone in her swimming eyes.

I saw the laughing lilies that he wreathed
With hyacinth to crown her kneeling there.
Oh, what intoxicating incense breathed
Her dusky, flower-wound hair!

"The flowers will fade," he whispered, "sere and brown,
Their petals drooping ere the day be done,
Yet wilt thou still, thy garland's lovelier crown,
Shine like the morning sun."

Again I hear the same soft voice outpour
Its anguish for the light of life now fled,
And see him heap the bier of Heliodore
With roses white and red.

Thyrsis I see at ease beneath the pine,
His dark head pillowed on his arms, asleep,
And yet the lad's herds stray not, and his kine
Another lad doth keep.

Sleep, Thyrsis, sleep, within thy shady nook,
Leaving thy goats to nibble 'mongst the rocks;
A skilfuller than thou wields now thy crook,
For Eros guards thy flocks.

I see the young girls, as in garments white
Along the mountain-side in spring they ran
To greet the wood-nymphs at their morning rite
Within the cave of Pan.

It lies 'neath Corycus' sun-haunted hill;
Old Goat-foot loves it; there the wild vine grows
So thick it hides the entrance and the rill
That from the grotto flows.

There the midsummer honey-makers hum
Above the heather and the thyme, knee-deep,
Even through the noon, when all things else are dumb
Lest they disturb *his* sleep —

His, the luck-bringing Hermes' goat-shanked child,
Great Pan, who daily, when his pipes' shrill tune
No more delights him, seeks a summit wild,
And there sleeps all the noon.

Then fiercest burns the sun, the patient flocks
Crouch 'neath the tamarisk; scarce the lizard creeps
Along the wall. Above, on the sun-baked rocks,
Outstretched, the Arcadian sleeps.

And while his pipes lie silent by his side,
Brown summer for a moment holds her breath,
The breezes droop, the dry-flies hush, the tide
Scarce laps the cliff beneath.

Often, men say, some shepherd on the hills,
Hearing a sudden, wild, unearthly cry

Ring from the mountains, that his heart's blood chills,
  Knows he has come too nigh

The weird, far spot no mortal foot has trod,
  And flees, nor dares once backward turn his eyes:
Behind him roars the goat-laugh of the god,
  And mocks him as he flies.

The Century *Lewis Parke Chamberlayne*

A GRACE BEFORE READING

Myriad-leavèd as an elm;
Starred with shining word and phrase;
Wondrous words that overwhelm,
Phrases vivid, swift, divine;
Gracious turn of verse and line —
O God, all praise
For a book; its tears, its wit,
Its faults, and the perfect joy of it!

Oh, to dip
Headlong in! Cleaving down
Through lucent depths of verb and noun
To the rare thought that lies
Embedded; and arise
Pearl-laden toward the skies,
Blowing bright foam of adjectives about one's lip!

Sappho — burning heart of her;
Sweet Saint Francis, star-besprent;
Young Kit Marlowe, sped and spent;
Montaigne, royal gossiper;
Brave Munchausen, dauntless liar;
Lamb's dear whimsey; Shelley's flight;
Hot Catullus all afire;
Shakespeare, chiefest heart's delight!

O God, all praise!
That in brief, swift days
Thou mad'st the world's green gardens, and forsook
Thy labor, leaving man and time to make the book!

The Outlook *Helen Coale Crew*

READING HORACE

Oh, were we good when we are wise! —
  Or, haply, wise when we are good!
But, fool or sage, same comfort lies
  In knowing Horace understood
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir
  Our one contemporary bard,
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,
  Where not a note is harsh or hard,
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings
  A poet is a democrat;
Down two millenniums there rings
  The song of Leisure's Laureate
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above
  That refuge in the Sabine Hills
From all that Rome was fashioned of —
  Strife, envy, the luxurious ills
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love.

Though oft he dwells on death, 'tis e'er
  With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy

Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare
  The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,
His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed
  And gluttons and the vulgar mind —
(Thou votary of thy surer creed,
  Ask heaven if thou be more kind
Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day
  The doves descried his lids supine
And hid his limbs in leafy play;
  A nursling of the dancing vine,
His verse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none —
  Not friendship's altar but its fire.
In his red veins how life did run!
  Had ever poet wiser sire?
Had ever sire tenderer son? —

He, humble, candid, sane and free,
  Whom e'en Mæcenas could not spoil;
Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy
  As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,
And kept a kiss for Lalagé.
. . . . . .

Ah, dear to me one night supreme —
  A voice he would have joyed to hear,
Its music married to his theme —
  When two new-mated minds drew near
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,
  That in thy tones but glow and soar,

Come! . . . Horace with his flocks and herds
Waits thy revealing voice. Once more
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

Harper's Weekly (*The Independent*)
Robert Underwood Johnson

A THRUSH IN THE MOONLIGHT

In came the moon and covered me with wonder,
Touched me and was near me, and made me very still.
In came a rush of song, raining as from thunder,
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.
I lowered my head, I hid my head, I would not see nor hear —
The bird-song had stricken me, had brought the moon too near.
But when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill
With singing in the darkness. And then the thrush grew still.
And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-sill.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Witter Bynner*

ARS DURA

How many evenings, walking soberly
Along our street all dappled with rich sun,
I please myself with words, and happily
Time rhymes to footfalls, planning how they run:
And yet, when midnight comes, and paper lies
Clean, white, receptive, all that one can ask,
Alas for drowsy spirit, weary eyes
And traitor hand that fails the well-loved task!

Who ever learned the sonnet's bitter craft
But he had put away his sleep, his ease,
The wine he loved, the men with whom he laughed,
To brood upon such thankless tricks as these?
And yet, such joy does in that craft abide
He greets the paper as the groom the bride!

Boston Transcript *Christopher Morley*

MUSIC

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.
R. A.

The old songs
Die.
Yes, the old songs die.
Cold lips that sang them,
Cold lips that sang them —
The old songs die,
And the lips that sang them
Are only a pinch of dust.

I saw in Pamplona
In a musty museum —
I saw in Pamplona
In a buff-colored museum —
I saw in Pamplona
A memorial
Of the dead violinist;
I saw in Pamplona
A memorial
Of Pablo Sarasate.

Dust was inch-deep on the cases,
Dust on the stick-pins and satins,

Dust on the badges and orders,
On the wreath from the oak of Guernica!

The old songs
Die —
And the lips that sang them.
Wreaths, withered and dusty,
Cuff-buttons with royal insignia,
These, in a musty museum,
Are all that is left of Sarasate.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse
Alice Corbin Henderson

A LITTLE PAGE'S SONG

(13th Century)

God's lark at morning I would be!
I'd set my heart within a tree
Close to His bed and sing to Him
Right merrily
A sunrise hymn.

At night I'd be God's troubadour!
Beneath His starry walls I'd pour
Across the moat such roundelays
He'd love me sure —
And maybe praise!

Contemporary Verse *William Alexander Percy*

GOOD COMPANY

To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;

And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with
a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the
pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the
dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free
and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue
smoke —
*Lord, who am I that they should stoop — these holy
folk of thine?*

The Poetry Review of America
Karle Wilson Baker

IDEALISTS

Brother Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
Do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
Do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
Do you dream —
Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

The New Republic *Alfred Kreymborg*

MAGIC

I ran into the sunset light
As hard as I could run:

The treetops bowed in sheer delight
As if they loved the sun:
And all the songs of little birds
Who laughed and cried in silver words
Were joined as they were one.

And down the streaming golden sky
A lark came circling with a cry
Of wonder-weaving joy:
And all the arch of heaven rang
Where meadowlands of dreaming hang
As when I was a boy.

And through the ringing solitude
In pulsing lovely amplitude
A mist hung in a shroud,
As though the light of loneliness
Turned pure delight to holiness,
And bathed it in a cloud.

I stripped my laughing body bare
And plunged into that holy air
That washed me like a sea,
And raced against its silver tide
That stroked my eager glancing side
And made my spirit free.

Across the limits of the land
The wind and I swept hand in hand
Beyond the golden glow.
We danced across the ocean plain
Like thrushes singing in the rain
A song of long ago.

And on into the silver night
We strove to win the race with light

And bring the vision home,
And bring the wonder home again
Unto the sleeping eyes of men
Across the singing foam.

And down the river of the world
Our glowing limbs in glory swirled
As spring within a flower,
And stars in music of delight
Streamed gaily down our shoulders white
Like petals in a shower.

And tears of awful wonder ran
Adown my cheeks to hear the clan
Of beauty chaunting white
The prayer too deep for living word,
Or sight of man, or winging bird,
Or music over forest heard
At falling of the night.

And dropping slowly as the dew
On grasses that the winds renew
In urge of flooding fire,
And softly as the hushing boughs
The gentle airs of dawn arouse
To cradle morning's quire,

The murmur of the singing leaves
Around the secret Flame,
Like mating swallows 'neath the eaves
In rustling silence came,
And flowing through the silent air
Creation fluttered in a prayer
Descending on a spiral stair,
And calling me by name.

It nestled in my dreaming eyes
Like heaven in a lake,
And softened hope into surprise
For very beauty's sake,
And silence blossomed into morn,
Whose fragrant rosy-breasted dawn
Could scarcely bear to break.

I sang into the morning light
As loud as I could sing,
The treetops bowed in sheer delight
Before a slanting wing,
And all the songs of little birds
Who laughed and cried in silver words
Adored the Risen Spring.

The Trimmed Lamp *Edward J. O'Brien*

SPRING

At the first hour, it was as if one said, "Arise."
At the second hour, it was as if one said, "Go forth."
And the winter constellations that are like patient
ox-eyes
Sank below the white horizon at the north.

At the third hour, it was as if one said, "I thirst;"
At the fourth hour, all the earth was still:
Then the clouds suddenly swung over, stooped, and
burst;
And the rain flooded valley, plain and hill.

At the fifth hour, darkness took the throne;
At the sixth hour, the earth shook and the wind cried;
At the seventh hour, the hidden seed was sown,
At the eighth hour, it gave up the ghost and died.

At the ninth hour, they sealed up the tomb;
And the earth was then silent for the space of three hours.
But at the twelfth hour, a single lily from the gloom
Shot forth, and was followed by a whole host of flowers.

The Poetry Review of America — *John Gould Fletcher*

ORCHARD

I stood within an orchard during rain
Uncovering to the drops my aching brow:
O joyous fancy, to imagine now
I slip, with trees and clouds, the social chain,
Alone with nature, naught to lose or gain
Nor even to become; no, just to be
A moment's personal essence, wholly free
From needs that mold the heart to forms of pain.
Arise, I cried, and celebrate the hour!
Acclaim serener gladness; if it fail,
New courage, nobler vision, will survive
That I have known my kinship to the flower,
My brotherhood with rain, and in this vale
Have been a moment's friend to all alive.

The Forum — *Horace Holley*

THE HILLS

Through the twilight faint winds will ever waken
Ghostly trees adream in the frosty silence,
And the last red streaks of the winter sunset
Fade into ashes.

White above the lake and the leafless willows,
Cold and silver starglow, the full moon risen;
White the air will grow with a fleece of snowflakes
Silently falling.

This pale dream of lonely and haunted beauty
Evermore will come in the dusk of winter
From the hills of youth, as a ghost unbidden
Out of the twilight.

The Poetry Journal *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

THE GOLDEN PLOVER

A song for you, golden plover:
Not the song of a lover
Who dreams of a blush,
Nor the song for a thrush
Whose music is tremulous, sweet;
But a song for a heart that dares tempest or hush,
A measure for wings that are fleet.

Fleet . . . fleet . . . fleet . . . !
Who but the winds can trace you, chase you?
Flutter of lightning, you southward sweep,
To the wonder of thunder you overleap.
Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . !
Who but the winds can face you, pace you?
Fearless of foaming and booming and crash;
Scorner of breeze, adorner of zephyr;
Come . . . gone . . . in a flash!
Speedier . . . speedier . . . speedier . . . !
Who but the winds can overtake you?
Who but a gale can check and shake you?
Who but a hurricane can make you

Drop to the earth whose worth shall wake you
From your frenzied trance of flight?

Like a volley of shot your flocks alight,
Scattering gracefully over the sedge,
Palled in spume from the cauldron's edge.
Surer than furrow's is breaker's pledge:
Whom the welter of sea and sky invite,
On the lands of man show sudden fright.

A song for you, golden plover:
Not the song for a lover
Who dreams of a flush
Of delicate plumes that gleam as they hover
Over a flower they make less fair;
But a song of wings whose miraculous rush
Is a measure atune with the air.

Warriors, not courtiers you,
Your courting season through,—
Dotterel darts, befeathered sober,
Mellowed with yellow by brisk October,
Who, from his Nova Scotian post,
Hurls you over the swirled Atlantic —
Hurls you, pipers corybantic —
Straight for the Venezuelan coast:
Two thousand miles! Two thousand miles!
While the gods of Air crowd heaven's aisles,
With loud-fleered taunts for the vaunting boast
That man is peer of their wing-born host.

"Aie! . . . Aie! . . . Aie! . . ."
Moans the rancorous Sheol of winds.
Out of the ooze of the sulphurous Gulf
Springs into fury the Mocker of Masts,
Snarls through the Caribs and harries with blasts:

Shrieking seeks you, sprites from the North;
Ruffles and buffets you, grapples to check you;
With maniac might would baffle and wreck you
But for the froth of sabre-reefed isles
Which, faint through the smoke of desolate miles,
Whispers, encourages, beckons you forth,
Calls you to fall from the maelstrom of wiles:
"Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . .
Safety we promise and shelter and rest
From the howling Fiend of the foul Southwest!"
Out of the fray of reeking grey
Whines the cheated Harpy of winds:
"Aie! . . . Aie! . . . Aie! . . ."

On the shoulder of Night expires her rage;
So melts to calm the ocean's wrath:
Day blooms like a rose on a beryl path
In the Garden of Peace of the Golden Age.

Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!
Joy but no peace for you, golden plover:
Only in June may you play the lover,
Satined in wooing black and gold.
Till then the leagues that you will cover,—
The lands beneath your wings unrolled —
Are all the leagues of land that stretch
North and south of the western Line.
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!
From Labrador of the fog-wreathed pine,
Down through Bermuda's salt-stained vetch;
Over the Amazon's maze of vine,
Into the pampas of Argentine:
Above the earth, across the sea,
You follow the summer's ascendant sign,
You shun all scenes by the sun bereft.
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!

Santa Gleska University Library

Spring of the north is astir, golden plover!
Up and a-wing to its glad decree!
Back, with a ridge of the world to your left,
You mottle the length of a continent's chine
To weave through Alaska's tundra-weft
The gold of your yearly jubilee:
There joy and peace to love combine!
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!

Coodle! . . . Coodle! . . . Hist!
Your golden rest is over:
Off with your splendor! Away, away!
On with the coat of the rover!
Dip it and dye it in eastern mist!
Plunge again over the dun Atlantic,
Blaze again southward your cycle frantic!
Away with you, loiterers, darts of October,
Shafts that are swift as the light but more sober,
Wraiths of the sea's or the sky's autumn grey!
Away from the love of the north that elates you!
Off to the feast of the south that awaits you!
Flutter and rise with the joy that translates you
To sprites of the air from creatures of clay!
Onward, onward, spirits of fleetness! . . .
Faster . . . faster! . . . speedier . . . speedier! —
Gone! Vanished! Lost like the sweetness
Of dawn in the ripening power of day!

Poet-Lore *Richard Butler Glaenzer*

THE RED MONTH

I

Golden morning!
Hello! hello!
Echoes of song — the meadow-lark twittering,
Spill of the swallow.

II

Dance on the slopes of bright dew, and come singing,
Beloved girl!
On the grass red with apples come dancing, come
running!
Hark, how the thrush sings!
Mark, how the wind leaps!
Morning is here,
Bold morning is here.

III

Come across the grasses!
Come swift across the grasses!
Quicker! quicker! Leap with your hands up!
Dance with knees up,
Gold hair flying,
White teeth bare!

IV

For we shall go laughing straight through the orchard,
and scatter
Dew lit with sun,
And we shall go romping beneath green boughs low
with apples
And over the stone wall,
Scrambling through briers,
Race in the woods — the wind-loud woods,
The woods with the dead leaves flying.

V

Your cheeks, belovèd, are fresher than pansies to the
touch,
Dewy pansies.
Pluck handfuls of wild grapes;

And here 's a grape for you,
And here 's a grape for me,
Tart, sharp, to crush against the palate,
Staining red lips blue.

VI

The thrush — is he up?
The mole — peers he forth?
Is the young dog running in the scent of the squirrel?
Who has washed the heavens blue,
And set the sun there?
Oh, make a cup of your hands, and in the clearing
Catch cups of sunshine, loveliest, for me!

VII

And come now in coolness where the thin spring tinkles,
And the brown wren dips her wings.
O my beautiful!
Come now and gathered be all in an armful,
Under leafy oak-boughs, here where the wasps sing,
O my beautiful!
Kiss my lips, and let me know
That the ripe month, the red month,
September the glorious,
Has tapped the gold-wine of the sun
And sluiced it into our hearts,
And piped it into our hearts, darling,
So happy, happy are we!

VIII

And, hark! the warbler!
He whistles! whistles!
This kiss, and *this* kiss!

Golden morning!
Hello! hello!

The Century Magazine *James Oppenheim*

THROUGH THE BEARDED BARLEY

Through the bearded barley where summer winds
were blowing;
Full knee-deep in clover, breast-high in the wheat;
Laughing at Jack-rabbits that scuttled by their feet
Where the scarlet poppies made so brave a showing:
Under shady willows, by a broad stream flowing,
Home of trout and grayling rising after flies;
Looking towards the moorland where the sunlight
dies,
Dies, but in the flushed-clouds lingers in its going.
Words came very seldom, though their hearts were
beating
To the ancient love-song Nature sings so well;
Shoulder close to shoulder, heedless of the fleeting
Of the magic moments born of twilight's spell:
On they walked together, while the rooks were wheeling.
And the elm-tree's shadow ever farther stealing.

Contemporary Verse *O. R. Howard Thomson*

THE LITTLE FARM

Tired, I went away from town
And wandered in the woods. . . .
"Why not lay it wholly down —
That weight of doubtful goods?"

Then, rested, I was discontent,
  Craved the compelling hours —
And took again on shoulders bent
  The walls and roofs and towers.

But here is a man who measures his toil
  In Grenstone, then his rest:
A little farm in his native soil
  And bright dawn in his breast.

The New Republic — *Witter Bynner*

JUNE

Yon dragonfly is friends with me
And by my dingle goes
The solemn, priestly bumble-bee,
That marries rose to rose.

My book? In sooth I'm using it
To pillow up my head:
This day-lay is a brighter bit
Than any I have read.

My pipe and I are company.
(The cat-bird thinks it queer
That I should burn so carelessly —
Note now his call and leer.)

All morning-time, from dawn till noon,
I fished and mused and fished;
One wee-est bite had I for boon:
'Twas all the boon I wished.

I roam in eye-reach many a mile,
In fancy further roam;

The hours like fairy smiles beguile
My heart to my heart's home.

Yon veery is great friends with me,
And by my hollow goes
The grumbling, mumbling bumble-bee,
That weds red rose to rose.

The Bellman *John Russell McCarthy*

EARTH WISDOM

Said the earth:
I love you, flower.
Go up and see the sun.
And feel the rain — it's soft.
Winds will play with you,
merry winds.
But see that great blue —
I like that round blue —
I want that high blue —

Said the earth:
I love you, flower.
It is late.
Come back to me.
I don't want to —
I wont —
I want the moon —
I want —

You've been playing too long, flower.
That isn't good for you.

Nor fair to the morrow.
Come,
said the earth.

Others: A Magazine of the New Verse
Alfred Kreymborg

THE ETERNAL PLAY

Third act of the eternal play!
In poster-like emblazonries,
"Autumn once more begins to-day"—
'Tis written all across the trees
In yellow letters like Chinese.

How many hundred centuries
Hath run this play, with ne'er a pause!
That which this living audience sees
Thrilled all the dead to wild applause—
And yet the strange old drama draws.

Not all alike adjudge the play:
Some laugh, some weep, and some there be
Deem the old classic's had its day,
And some scarce any of it see,
Nodding in witless apathy.

And others more than all the rest
One act out of the four prefer—
Spring, in her wind-flower draperies drest,
Or Summer, with her bosom bare;
Winter than these some deem more fair.

Some, mayhap melancholic, deem
Autumn the meaning of the play—

The smile that says, "'Twas all a dream!"
  The sigh that says, "I can but stay
  A little while, and then away;"

The rustling robe of joy that ends,
  The moon-cold kiss upon the brow,
The fading sail of sea-sped friends,
  The love that is another's now,
  The voice that mourns, "Ah! where art thou?"

For all her purple and her gold,
  Autumn hath such a tale to tell —
The tale that tells us all is told;
  Yea! but she tells it wondrous well,
  Weaving strange hope into her spell:

The hope that, when we sit no more
  At this old play, and needs must go
Through yonder shrouded exit door,
  The mystic impresario
  Hath still for us a stranger show.

Harper's Magazine *Richard Le Gallienne*

TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Locate your love, you lose your love,
  Find her, you look away;
Now mine I never quite discern,
  But trace her every day.

She has a thousand presences,
  As surely seen and heard
As birds that hide behind a leaf
  Or leaves that hide a bird.

Single your love, you lose your love,
You cloak her face with clay;
Now mine I never quite discern —
And never look away.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Witter Bynner*

EARTH-BORN

No lapidary's heaven, no brazier's hell for me,
For I am made of dust and dew and stream and plant and tree:
I'm close akin to boulders, I am cousin to the mud,
And all the winds of all the sky make music in my blood.

I want a brook and pine trees; I want a storm to blow
Loud-lunged across the looming hills, with driven sleet and snow.
Don't put me off with diadems and thrones of chrysoprase;
I want the winds of northern nights and wild March days.

My blood runs red with sunset, my body is white with rain,
And on my heart auroral skies have set their scarlet stain,
My thoughts are green with springtime, and in the meadow-rue
I think my very soul is growing green and gold and blue.

What will be left, I wonder, when death has washed me clean

Of dust and dew and sundown and April's virgin
green?
If there's enough to make a ghost, I'll bring it back
again
To the little lovely earth that bore me, body, soul,
and brain.

Smart Set *Odell Shepard*

OUT O' THE STARS

Out o' the stars an' out o' the wind an' out o' the
sea stole I,
An' I was a creature o' vagrancy that romped in the
field o' the sky,
An' I was a creature that crazily found sport in the
mad moon-shine,
An' I was a guest o' the sad, pale mist to loan her
some joys o' mine.
I was filled with the breath that the night's heart
breathed in the new-born soul of me —
That first strange thirst she quenched with a draught
of the wine of pure extacy.
An' I was a fellow of gay star-shine, had kin in
the daffodil,
As I ran to the place where the dawn slips in for my
feet would not be still!

Out o' the clouds an' out o' the breeze an' out o'
the morn stole I.
An' I was a half crazed loon an' drunk with the dew
of the day. That's why
I danced to the bend in the morning road then dashed
through a slumbering wood.
Where a sleepy Jack in a green pulpit cried, "Shame,
can you not be good?"

An' I that was born o' the gypsy moon laughed back
at his preaching then:
"I am not good! I am bad, all bad, as bad as the
madcap Pan!
But, oh I am glad! I am glad! I am mad as the
maddest wild March hare!
I was sent with a surge of a swinging soul and for
long I stay nowhere!"

Out o' the singing pines an' the hill, out o' the gentian
hearts,
Out o' the green o' a rain-bathed fern in sequestered,
woodland parts,
Out o' the notes of a bird's swelled throat, free in the
fresh wildwood,
Out o' the stream in the valley there, out o' Spring's
freshet flood,
Out o' the scent o' the happy trees that fair and
straight arise
I came to play in the gold sunshine, an' I laughed
with the summer skies.
An' I like a fugitive fleeing from earth flew fast to
the Heaven's sill,
An' I sang as I lay on a cloudlet white for my heart
would not be still!

Out o' the high lights of high noon, out o' the noon
day's star,
Out o' the mountain's dizzy height jutting the sky
afar,
I came down in a gown o' gauze, I was a sprite that
passed
Like a wraith o' joy the proper homes and proper
folks' window glass.
Ah, how I shocked them that summer noon! An' I
would not heed to their sigh,

An' I would have done with the somberness o' the years gone dully by!
The child that had cried on the stairs by day, an' the maid that had wept in her dreams,
I had pushed far over a ragged cliff and I laughed with their splash an' their screams.

The long, brown hands of childhood were tight on my throat, they were hot.
An' youth had hurt, had hurt too much with its loneliness I loved not.
For that one mad flight on myself's wild heart I must pay and pay and pay.
The proper folk never forgave me quite. But oh, what a night and a day!

Poetry Review of America *Mora Scott*

CLOTHES

Since the earliest days I have dressed myself
In fanciful clothes;
Trying to satisfy a whispering insistence.
There was so much I dared not give
To speech or act;
So I put romance and fantasy
Into my raiment.
In that dreamy girlhood
My clothes were like my thoughts;
Vague and sentimental.
They were of misty greens
And faded lavenders;
Like cloudy colors in entangled woods,
Like the budding thoughts of a young girl.

Later on when womanhood came,
And Motherhood sat consciously on me,

I essayed the dignified and noble
In a trailing gown of gray.

But Spring came,
And with it a dress of juicy green
And tricky yellows,
With darts of black,
Like bare twigs showing through bright leaves.
After a while I revelled in the sophistication
Of a gown of black;
Cut low, swirling in worldly curves.
And once I dared the long line of the siren
In a gown of weird brocade.

But these things have not silenced the whispers.
Something urgent wants a tongue.
My clothes are not me, myself;
Something real escapes in the translation of color
and fabric.

I think I should go naked into the streets,
And wander unclothed into people's parlors.
The incredulous eyes of the bewildered world
Might give me back my true image. . . .
Maybe in the glances of others
I would find out what I really am.

Poetry Review of America

Jean Starr Untermeyer

HAUNTED VILLAGE

Little wistful shades, when dusk was nearing,
Flitted in the streets of Hemlock Town.
Saw you not, among the leafy shadows,
Breeze-stirred pinafores of beechen brown?

By closed shutters of the fanlight doorways
  Fond they lingered, faintly listening yet
Only to the click of ancient needles
  And the rustle of an old Gazette;

Vainly harkening for a sound of frolic
  In the silent Square and stately Green;
Vaguely seeking, in our long prim gardens,
  Little boys and girls where none were seen;—

Till what time the Poles and Finns and Syrians,
  Following the mills, came thronging down,
And with patriarchal troops of children
  Waked the spellbound streets of Hemlock Town.

Many little hob shoes danced and clattered,
  Earrings tinkled, and the dusky braid
Nodded to the songs the Cæsars' children
  Sang, and games that Pharaoh's daughter played.

Then the little ghosts, in noiseless scamper
  Fleeing up the south wind, homeward hied
To their nursery of low green pillows
  On the walled hill's morning-fronting side;

Laying down their shadowy heads contented,
  Shed upon the drowsing wind their deep,
Low last murmur of fulfilled desire,
  Sunk in dreams, and smiling in their sleep.

Everybody's Magazine *Sarah N. Cleghorn*

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

The shuttlecock soars upward
In a parabola of whiteness,
Turns,

And sinks to a perfect arc.
Plat! the battledore strikes it,
And it rises again,
Without haste,
Winged and curving,
Tracing its white flight
Against the clipped hemlock trees.
Plat!
Up again,
Orange and sparkling with sun,
Rounding under the blue sky,
Dropping,
Fading to grey-green
In the shadow of the coned hemlocks.

"Ninety-one." "Ninety-two." "Ninety-three."
The arms of the little girls
Come up — and up —
Precisely,
Like mechanical toys.
The battledores beat at nothing,
And toss the dazzle of snow
Off their parchment drums.
Ninety-four. Plat!
Ninety-five. Plat!

Back and forth
Goes the shuttlecock,
Icicle-white,
Leaping at the sharp-edged clouds,
Overturning,
Falling,
Down,
And down,
Tinctured with pink

From the upthrusting shine
Of Oriental poppies.

The little girls sway to the counting rhythm:
Left foot,
Right foot.
Plat! Plat!
Yellow heat twines round the handles of the battledores,
The parchment cracks with dryness;
But the shuttlecock
Swings slowly into the ice-blue sky,
Heaving up on the warm air
Like a foam bubble on a wave,
With feathers slanted and sustaining.
Higher,
Until the earth turns beneath it;
Poised and swinging,
With all the garden flowing beneath it,
Scarlet, and blue, and purple, and white —
Blurred color reflections in rippled water —
Changing — streaming —
For the moment that Stella takes to lift her arm.
Then the shuttlecock relinquishes,
Bows,
Descends;
And the sharp blue spears of the air
Thrust it to earth.

Again it mounts,
Stepping up on the rising scents of flowers,
Buoyed up and under by the shining heat.
Above the foxgloves,
Above the guelder-roses,
Above the greenhouse glitter,
Till the shafts of cooler air

Meet it,
Deflect it,
Reject it,
Then down,
Down,
Past the greenhouse,
Past the guelder-rose bush,
Past the foxgloves.

"Ninety-nine," Stella's battledore springs to the impact.
Plat! Like the snap of a taut string.
"Oh! Minna!"
The shuttlecock drops zigzaggedly,
Out of orbit,
Hits the path,
And rolls over quite still.
Dead white feathers,
With a weight at the end.

Scribner's Magazine *Amy Lowell*

TO MY CHILDREN — ASLEEP

List to their gentle breathing in the night,
Flushed pink with slumber. Now their curious eyes
Pale-lidded, shine not, nor their glances bright
Welcome the new day with its new surprise.
How still the feet that raced — that leaped, as light
As the small cloud that loiters in the skies:
How rare the bud before its opening hour
With fragrance that we find not in the perfect flower.

And who am I to bring this rapture down,
Irradiant, to bless the arid earth?

For I have ventured to the high unknown
And grasped the Godhead in the hour of birth;
My clay has dared to wear a kingly crown,
And raid the heavens to appease my dearth:
So close the ways of finite mortals bend
To mysteries that round our fleeting lives extend.

Now, as the days pass, they will grow and make
A God of me — less worshipful than they:
Of my imperfect image they will take
Only the good, will talk of me at play,
Will weave me through their souls, so that to break
Their gentle vision is to take away
Their best delight. Ah, none but children see
Behind the world-worn man his lost divinity.

To them dim years will open: to their gaze
Will mystery and prophecy unfold,
Strange lights will shine upon them, and the rays
Of unborn knowledge be in flame outrolled;
No wonder will their wondrous eyes amaze:
But God will baffle as he did of old,
Till, on the steps of wisdom, it is given
That man, being wise, may climb — a child — to heaven.

And if, still tender, they shall think of me,
Keep green the spot and guard the springing grass,
Then I too shall remember, being free
From earthly duty: I shall hear them pass,
Catch even the word, and live on memory
Of small, fond things: My soul shall not harass
Those whom I dragged to earth. . . . See how they stir!
Put out the light! The gloom cloaks best a worshiper.

Harper's Magazine *Alan Sullivan*

LULLABY

Dream, dream, thou flesh of me!
Dream thou next my breast.
Dream, dream and coax the stars
To light thee at thy rest.

Sleep, sleep, thou breath of Him
Who watcheth thee and me.
Dream, dream, and dreaming,
Coax that He shall see.

Rest, rest thou fairy form
That presseth soft my breast.
Rest, rest and nestle warm,
And rest and rest and rest.

Reedy's Mirror — *Patience Worth*

THE SON

(Southern Ohio Market Town)

I heard an old farm-wife,
  Selling some barley,
Mingle her life with life
  And the name "Charley."

Saying: "The crop's all in,
  We're about through now;
Long nights will soon begin,
  We're just us two now.

"Twelve bushel at sixty cents,
  It's all I carried —
He sickened making fence;
  He was to be married —

"It feels like frost was near —
His hair was curly.
The spring was late that year,
But the harvest early."

The New Republic *Ridgely Torrence*

WITH DEATH THE UNCOUTH

I — ABEL FULLER

None could remember when he first came there,
And built his hut behind the lime-kiln hill.
His name was Abel, and he had an air
Of being a stranger strayed from anywhere
Who bore his fellows neither good nor ill.

He was not lazy, yet he seldom worked,
But when he did, he labored honestly;
Whoever hired him could not say he shirked,
Although he got only the jobs that irked,
The cast-off toil that goes to poverty.

He made no friends, and he would speak to few,
Even a passing greeting in the road
He often left unanswered. To our view
His silence hid a secret, but none knew,
Nor how he lived in his remote abode.

He had a way, we could not understand,
Of picking weeds to stick into his hair;
Dead flowers, too, he would have in either hand
In summer when the harvest filled the land,
And every field with living things was fair.

And in the springtime whole days he would spend
Searching the woods for an unmated bird.

His life was gaunt, and at the very end
When he was dying we were there to tend,
  But he gave us no answer that we heard!

II — MARK ALLEN

There was the drum he played so poorly,
  Though all his days he prayed for skill.
Never in life would he beat it surely,
  Even if the stars in heaven stood still.

There was the village band renewing
  Always his ancient ache to play.
It was the sum of his soul's undoing,
  And never he knew would it wear away.

Little the village found amusing,
  With no more than one straggling street,
So that without so much as choosing
  It turned to him as its jest complete.

Thus in a humor quite bucolic
  It clutched at him as its lawful prey;
Would it not add to the country's frolic
  If he should lead the band that day?

Mindful he of the vain balked playing
  Could not take such a crown to wear;
But he would were there no gainsaying
  Beat the drum for the county fair.

Here the event well worth the coming —
  All the village was there to laugh —
No matter if the clouds urged homing,
  Should not rain write his epitaph?

At last they come with piccoli shrilling,
He, head high, with the raised sticks dumb —
Now the silence that will break thrilling
In the crash of the rolling drum.

All the years of his patient failing
Shielded are by a blinding light,
For none sees, since they all are quailing,
Just how the lightning made wrong right!

III — AS A DECADENT PASSES

Bid the dawn come; the moonlight is too pale;
Shadows are tiring me; night is so long.
Shabby the lures of life, and they all fail,
Nor is there music for the farewell song.

Death has prepared a most authentic thrill —
I hear the whisper of his winding sheet,
And, lo! he brings me over the lone hill
New-cut gardenias for my head and feet.

The Poetry Review of America *Donald Evans*

MAD BLAKE

Blake saw a tree-full of angels at Peckham Rye,
And his hands could lay hold of the tiger's terrible heart.
Blake knew how deep is Hell, and Heaven how high,
And could build the Universe from one tiny part.
Blake heard the asides of God, as with furrowed brow
He sifts the star-streams between the Then and the Now,

In vast infant sagacity brooding — an infant's grace
Shining serene on His simple benignant face.

Blake, they say, was mad; and Space's Pandora-box
Loosed its secrets upon him, devils — and angels, indeed!
I, they say, am sane; but no key of mine unlocks
One lock of one gate where through Heaven's glory is freed.
And I hark and I hold my breath daylong, year-long,
Out of comfort and easy dreaming evermore starting awake,
Yearning beyond all sanity for some echo of that song
Of songs that was sung to the soul of the madman, Blake!

Reedy's Mirror — *William Rose Benét*

THE SHEPHERD TO THE POET

Och, what's the good o' spinnin' words
As fine as silken thread?
Will "golden gorse upon the hill"
Be gold to buy ye bread?

An' while ye're list'nin' in th' glen
"To catch the thrush's lay,"
Your thatch is scattered be th' wind,
Your sheep have gone astray.

Th' time ye're afther makin' rhymes
O' leppin' waves an' sea,
Arrah! ye should be sellin' then
Your lambs upon th' quay.

Sure, 'tis God's ways is very quare,
An' far beyant my ken,
How o' the selfsame clay he makes
Poets an' useful men!

Boston Transcript *Agnes Kendrick Gray*

THE HORSE THIEF

There he moved, cropping the grass at the purple canyon's lip.
His mane was mixed with the moonlight that silvered his snow-white side,
For the moon sailed out of a cloud with the wake of a spectral ship,
I crouched and I crawled on my belly, my lariat coil looped wide.

Dimly and dark the mesas broke on the starry sky.
A pall covered every color of their gorgeous glory at noon.
I smelt the yucca and mesquite, and stifled my heart's quick cry,
And wormed and crawled on my belly to where he moved against the moon!

Some Moorish barb was that mustang's sire. His lines were beyond all wonder.
From the prick of his ears to the flow of his tail he ached in my throat and eyes.
Steel and velvet grace! As the prophet says, God had "clothed his neck with thunder."
Oh, marvelous with the drifting cloud he drifted across the skies!

And then I was near at hand — crouched, and balanced, and cast the coil;
And the moon was smothered in cloud, and the rope through my hands with a rip!
But somehow I gripped and clung, with the blood in my brain aboil,—
With a turn round the rugged tree-stump there on the purple canyon's lip.

Right into the stars he reared aloft, his red eye rolling and raging.
He whirled and sunfished and lashed, and rocked the earth to thunder and flame.
He squealed like a regular devil horse. I was haggard and spent and aging —
Roped clean, but almost storming clear, his fury too fierce to tame.

And I cursed myself for a tenderfoot moon-dazzled to play the part,
But I was doubly desperate then, with the possé pulled out from town,
Or I'd never have tried it. I only knew I must get a mount and start.
The filly had snapped her foreleg short. I had had to shoot her down.

So there he struggled and strangled, and I snubbed him around the tree.
Nearer, a little near — hoofs planted, and lolling tongue —
Till a sudden slack pitched me backward. He reared right on top of me.
Mother of God — that moment! He missed me . . . and up I swung.

Somehow, gone daft completely and clawing a bunch
of his mane,
As he stumbled and tripped in the lariat, there
I was — up and astride
And cursing for seven counties! And the mustang?
Just insane!
Crack-bang! went the rope; we cannoned off the
tree — then — gods, that ride!

A rocket — that's all, a rocket! I dug with my
teeth and nails.
Why we never hit even the high spots (though I
hardly remember things),
But I heard a monstrous booming like a thunder of
flapping sails
When he spread — well, *call* me a liar! — when
he spread those wings, those wings!

So white that my eyes were blinded, thick-feathered
and wide unfurled,
They beat the air into billows. We sailed, and
the earth was gone.
Canyon and desert and mesa withered below, with the
world.
And then I knew that mustang; for I — was Bel-
lerophon!

Yes, glad as the Greek, and mounted on a horse of
the elder gods,
With never a magic bridle or a fountain-mirror
nigh!
My chaps and spurs and holster must have looked it?
What's the odds?
I'd a leg over lightning and thunder, careering
across the sky!

And forever streaming before me, fanning my forehead cool,
Flowed a mane of molten silver; and just before my thighs
(As I gripped his velvet-muscled ribs, while I cursed myself for a fool),
The steady pulse of those pinions — their wonderful fall and rise!

The bandanna I bought in Bowie blew loose and whipped from my neck.
My shirt was stuck to my shoulders and ribboning out behind.
The stars were dancing, wheeling and glancing, dipping with smirk and beck.
The clouds were flowing, dusking and glowing. We rode a roaring wind.

We soared through the silver starlight to knock at the planets' gates.
New shimmering constellations came whirling into our ken.
Red stars and green and golden swung out of the void that waits
For man's great last adventure; the Signs took shape — and then

I knew the lines of that Centaur the moment I saw him come!
The musical-box of the heavens all around us rolled to a tune
That tinkled and chimed and trilled with silver sounds that struck you dumb,
As if some archangel were grinding out the music of the moon.

Melody-drunk on the Milky Way, as we swept and soared hilarious,
Full in our pathway, sudden he stood — the Centaur of the Stars,
Flashing from head and hoofs and breast! I knew him for Sagittarius.
He reared, and bent and drew his bow. He crouched as a boxer spars.

Flung back on his haunches, weird he loomed — then leapt — and the dim void lightened.
Old White Wings shied and swerved aside, and fled from the splendor-shod.
Through a flashing welter of worlds we charged. I knew why my horse was frightened.
He *had* two faces — a dog's and a man's — that Babylonian god!

Also, he followed us real as fear. Ping! went an arrow past.
My broncho buck-jumped, humping high. We plunged . . . I guess that's all!
I lay on the purple canyon's lip, when I opened my eyes at last —
Stiff and sore and my head like a drum, but I broke no bones in the fall.

So you know — and now you may string me up. Such was the way you caught me.
Thank you for letting me tell it straight, though you never could greatly care.
For I took a horse that wasn't mine! . . . But there's one the heavens brought me,
And I'll hang right happy, because I know he is waiting for me up there.

From creamy muzzle to cannon-bone, by God, he's
a peerless wonder!
He is steel and velvet and furnace-fire, and death's
supremest prize;
And never again shall be roped on earth that neck
that is "clothed with thunder" . . .
String me up, Dave! Go dig my grave! *I rode
him across the skies!*

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse
William Rose Benét

SAINT JOHN OF NEPOMUC

Last summer I Columbused John, in Prague, that
deadly Bush League town —
I'd quit 'em cold on pictures and cathedrals for
awhile.
I hung around for Ma and Sis (Good Lord, there
wasn't one they'd miss —
Pale martyrs till you couldn't sleep, Madonnas by the
mile!)

I read some dope in Baedeker about a tablet on the
bridge,
And how they slipped this poor old scout the double
cross for fair.
I'm off high-brow historic truck, but Father John of
Nepomuc,
You must admit he was the goods. Believe me, he
was *there!*

The king was Wenzel Number Four. John was sky-
pilot for the court.
King gets a hunch that Mrs. King has something on
her mind.

He goes to sleuthing more and more. He says,
"Gadzooks! I'll have their gore!"
(Don't ever let 'em string you on that bunk that love is blind!)

The queen — I'll bet she was some queen — she tangoes blithely on her way.
She fails to see the storm clouds on her regal husband's dome.
I got him guessed, that Wenzel guy harpoons a girl that's young and spry,
And tries to seal her up for life in the Old People's Home!

The way I had it figured out she married him to please her folks:
"Our son-in-law, the Kink, you know!" (Some speed! I guess that's poor?)
So, when she sights a Maiden's Dream — some real live wire that's made the team,
Well, she sits up and notices, like any girl. Why, sure!

Old Wenzel can't quite cinch the case, but what he doesn't know, he thinks.
The lump he calls a heart congeals beneath his fancy vest.
He sends for poor old Father John and says as follows:—"I am on!
I merely lack a few details! What hath the queen confessed?"

He holds the court upon the bridge. "Speak up," he says, or otherwise
These spears shall thrust you down to death! Come through! I am the king!

Kick in! What did my spouse confess?" The queen
sends frantic S. O. S. . . .
Maybe I sort of dozed, but well — here's how I got
this thing . . .

He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;
He saw the white queen swaying, striving to stand;
He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,
Waiting the king's command:
He heard a small page drawing a sobbing breath;
He heard a bird's call, poignant and sweet and low;
He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,
Mocking him, down below.
But he only said, "My liege,
To my honor you lay siege,
And that fortress you can never overthrow."

He thought of how he had led them, all the years;
He thought of how he had served them, death and
birth;
He thought of healing their hates, stilling their
fears . . .
Humbly, he weighed his worth.
He knew he was leaving them, far from the goal;
He knew, with a deep joy, it was safe . . . and wise.
He knew that now the pale queen's pitiful soul
Would awake, and arise.
And he only said, "My king,
Every argument you bring
Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

He felt the spears' points, merciless, thrust him
down;
He felt the exquisite, fierce glory of pain;
He felt the bright waves eager, reaching to drown,
Engulf him, body and brain.

He sensed cries, faint and clamorous, far behind;
He sensed cool peace, and the buoyant arms of love;
He sensed like a beacon, clear, beckoning, kind,
Five stars, floating above . . .
To the ones who watched it seemed
That he slept . . . and smiled . . . and
dreamed.
"And the waters were abated . . . and the
dove."

And there I was on that old bridge — boob fresh-
man me, on that same bridge!
The lazy river hummed and purred, and sang a
sleepy song.
Of course, I know it listens queer, but, gad, it was
so real and near,
I stood there basking in the sun for goodness knows
how long.

Sometimes I see it even now. I see that little, lean
old saint
Put up against the shining spears his simple nerve
and pluck:
And once, by Jove, you know, he came right down
beside me in the game . . .
We know who made the touchdown then, old John of
Nepomuc!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse
Ruth Comfort Mitchell

THE HEMP

(A Virginia Legend)

THE PLANTING OF THE HEMP

Captain Hawk scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)

From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees .
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

His fear was on the seaport towns,
The weight of his hand held hard the downs.
And the merchants cursed him, bitter and black,
For a red flame in the sea-fog's wrack
Was all of their ships that might come back.

For all he had one word alone,
One clod of dirt in their faces thrown,
" The hemp that shall hang me is not grown! "

His name bestrode the seas like Death.
The waters trembled at his breath.

This is the tale of how he fell,
Of the long sweep and the heavy swell,
And the rope that dragged him down to hell.

The fight was done, and the gutted ship,
Stripped like a shark the sea-gulls strip,

Lurched blindly, eaten out with flame,
Back to the land from whence she came,
A skimming horror, an eyeless shame.

And Hawk stood upon his quarter-deck,
And saw the sky and saw the wreck.

Below, a butt for sailors' jeers,
White as the sky when a white squall nears,
Huddled the crowd of the prisoners.

Over the bridge of the tottering plank,
Where the sea shook and the gulf yawned blank,
They shrieked and struggled and dropped and sank,

Pinioned arms and hands bound fast.
One girl alone was left at last.

Sir Henry Gaunt was a mighty lord.
He sat in state at the Council board;

The governors were as naught to him.
From one rim to the other rim

Of his great plantations, flung out wide
Like a purple cloak, was a full month's ride.

Life and death in his white hands lay,
And his only daughter stood at bay,
Trapped like a hare in the toils that day.

He sat at wine in his gold and his lace,
And far away, in a bloody place,
Hawk came near, and she covered her face.

He rode in the fields, and the hunt was brave,
And far away his daughter gave
A shriek that the seas cried out to hear,
And he could not see and he could not save.

Her white soul withered in the mire
As paper shrivels up in fire,
And Hawk laughed, and he kissed her mouth,
And her body he took for his desire.

THE GROWING OF THE HEMP

Sir Henry stood in the manor room,
And his eyes were hard gems in the gloom.

And he said, "Go dig me furrows five
Where the green marsh creeps like a thing alive —
There at its edge, where the rushes thrive."

And where the furrows rent the ground,
He sowed the seed of hemp around.

And the blacks shrink back and are sore afraid
At the furrows five that rib the glade,
And the voodoo work of the master's spade.

For a cold wind blows from the marshland near,
And white things move, and the night grows drear,
And they chatter and crouch and are sick with fear.

But down by the marsh, where the gray slaves glean,
The hemp sprouts up, and the earth is seen
Veiled with a tenuous mist of green.

And Hawk still scourges the Caribbees,
And many men kneel at his knees.

Sir Henry sits in his house alone,
And his eyes are hard and dull like stone.

And the waves beat, and the winds roar,
And all things are as they were before.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And nothing changes but the grass.

But down where the fireflies are like eyes,
And the damps shudder, and the mists rise,
The hemp-stalks stand up toward the skies.

And down from the poop of the pirate ship
A body falls, and the great sharks grip.

Innocent, lovely, go in grace!
At last there is peace upon your face.

And Hawk laughs loud as the corpse is thrown,
" The hemp that shall hang me is not grown! "

Sir Henry's face is iron to mark,
And he gazes ever in the dark.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the world is as it always was.

But down by the marsh the sickles beam,
Glitter on glitter, gleam on gleam,
And the hemp falls down by the stagnant stream.

And Hawk beats up from the Caribbees,
Swooping to pounce in the Northern seas.

Sir Henry sits sunk deep in his chair,
And white as his hand is grown his hair.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the sands roll from the hour-glass.

But down by the marsh in the blazing sun
The hemp is smoothed and twisted and spun,
The rope made, and the work done.

THE USING OF THE HEMP

Captain Hawk scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

He sailed in the broad Atlantic track,
And the ships that saw him came not back.

And once again, where the wide tides ran,
He stooped to harry a merchantman.

He bade her stop. Ten guns spake true
From her hidden ports, and a hidden crew,
Racking his great ship through and through.

Dazed and dumb with the sudden death,
He scarce had time to draw a breath

Before the grappling-irons bit deep,
And the boarders slew his crew like sheep.

Hawk stood up straight, his breast to the steel;
His cutlass made a bloody wheel.

His cutlass made a wheel of flame.
They shrank before him as he came.

And the bodies fell in a choking crowd,
And still he thundered out aloud,

"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"
They fled at last. He was left alone.

Before his foe Sir Henry stood.
"The hemp is grown, and my word made good!"

And the cutlass clanged with a hissing whir
On the lashing blade of the rapier.

Hawk roared and charged like a maddened buck.
As the cobra strikes, Sir Henry struck,

Pouring his life in a single thrust,
And the cutlass shivered to sparks and dust.

Sir Henry stood on the blood-stained deck,
And set his foot on his foe's neck.

Then from the hatch, where the rent decks slope,
Where the dead roll and the wounded grope,
He dragged the serpent of the rope.

The sky was blue, and the sea was still,
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,
And between one wave and another wave
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

The sea was blue, and the sky was calm;
The air dripped with a golden balm.
Like a wind-blown fruit between sea and sun,
A black thing writhed at a yard-arm.

Slowly then, and awesomely,
The ship sank, and the gallows-tree,
And there was naught between sea and sun —
Naught but the sun and the sky and the sea.

But down by the marsh where the fever breeds,
Only the water chuckles and pleads;
For the hemp clings fast to a dead man's throat,
And blind Fate gathers back her seeds.

Century Magazine *Stephen Vincent Benét*

REVELATION

He had not made the team. The ultimate moment —
Last practice for the big game, his senior year —
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.
It was all over now, and the sudden cheer

That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:
The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting
His wire, up State; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap,—
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance,—
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the side lines,
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing

Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back and back and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied and rose and took control:

He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body brain, and spirit,
He and his kind — the second team — till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the team was driven against this hour!

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!

The Century Magazine

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

LINCOLN

I

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, labouring, huge,
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when thunder-clouds ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence;
Until at last one mad stray bolt from the zenith
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

II

There was a darkness in this man; an immense and hollow darkness,
Of which we may not speak, nor share with him, nor enter;
A darkness through which strong roots stretched downwards into the earth
Towards old things;

Towards the herdman-kings who walked the earth and spoke with God,
Towards the wanderers who sought for they knew not what, and found their goal at last;
Towards the men who waited, only waited patiently when all seemed lost
Many bitter winters of defeat;

Down to the granite of patience
These roots swept, knotted fibrous roots, prying, piercing, seeking,
And drew from the living rock and the living waters about it
The red sap to carry upwards to the sun.

Not proud, but humble,
Only to serve and pass on, to endure to the end through service;
For the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and all that bring not forth good fruit
Shall be cut down on the day to come and cast into the fire.

III

There is a silence abroad in the land to-day,
And in the hearts of men, a deep and anxious silence;
And, because we are still at last, those bronze lips slowly open,
Those hollow and weary eyes take on a gleam of light.

Slowly a patient, firm-syllabled voice cuts through the endless silence
Like labouring oxen that drag a plow through the chaos of rude clay-fields;
I went forward as the light goes forward in early spring,
But there were also many things which I left behind.

Tombs that were quiet;
One, of a mother, whose brief light went out in the darkness,

One, of a loved one, the snow on whose grave is long falling,
One, only of a child, but it was mine.

Have you forgot your graves? Go, question them in anguish,
Listen long to their unstirred lips. From your hostages to silence,
Learn there is no life without death, no dawn without sunsetting,
No victory but to him who has given all.

IV

The clamour of cannon dies down, the furnace-mouth of the battle is silent.
The midwinter sun dips and descends, the earth takes on afresh its bright colours.
But he whom we mocked and obeyed not, he whom we scorned and mistrusted,
He has descended, like a god, to his rest.

Over the uproar of cities,
Over the million intricate threads of life wavering and crossing,
In the midst of problems we know not, tangling, perplexing, ensnaring,
Rises one white tomb alone.

Beam over it, stars,
Wrap it 'round, stripes — stripes red for the pain that he bore for you —
Enfold it forever, O flag, rent, soiled, but repaired through your anguish;
Long as you keep him there safe, the nations shall bow to your law.

Strew over him flowers:
Blue forget-me-nots from the north, and the bright pink arbutus
From the east, and from the west rich orange blossom,
But from the heart of the land take the passion-flower;

Rayed, violet, dim,
With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore and the circlet,
And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white magnolia,
Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has passed.

Poetry Review of America

John Gould Fletcher

TO THE SCHOONER *CASCO*

Dear to R. L. S.

(Remodelled for the fishing-trade of the Pacific Coast)

Has he forsaken heaven quite,
Where is no sail nor any sea,
And for the sake of lost delight
Evaded immortality,
To feel the wind that sets you free,
And tempt you to a wide blue flight
Where any trailing dawn may be
Deep-fringed with breakers bursting white?

Would he exchange all Paradise
For islands arabesqued with morn,
In your slim shape the magic lies,
And to such honor were you born.

For him shall peace grow less forlorn,
  Who has the sea-light in his eyes,
And hears Orion's hunting-horn
  Cry challenge down the blazing skies?

Now men forget what dawns you knew,
  What painted sunsets flaring far:
For these calm coasts they destine you,
  Nor think whose Silver Ship you are.
Oh leaping bow and thrilling spar
  And canvas bright against the blue,
Your Skipper steers you for a star!
  Obey him as you used to do.

So shall you tread again the floor
  Uncharted you were wont to roam,
And flee in ecstasy before
  The squalls that fail to drive you home:
Shall hear his laughter as of yore,
  When the cloud breaks, the green waves comb,
And make his spirit glad once more
  With flagons of enchanted foam!

But when the ocean's azure swoon
  Glasses some isle of memories,
Steal thither softly, to maroon
  Your wilful master, if he please!
Slip in by night behind the trees
  Of its star-paven deep lagoon,
And drift across the Pleiades
  To anchor in the floating moon.

Poetry Review of America

Grace Hazard Conkling

THE CITY

There is a crown upon her brow that seems
To every one his own. Also her womb
Is heavy with to-morrow, and the doom
Of high desires, fond hopes, and hidden schemes.
Friend that destroys or angel that redeems
Or man that struggles — there is none to whom
She can deny her glory and her gloom,
Her iron labors and her golden dreams.

Now in her robe of light, she smiles upon
The world with such a promise as proclaims
The Maid of Seven Stars unbosoming
God's mercy to the needful . . . and anon,
Salomé, daughter of a thousand shames,
Dancing in all her jewels before the king.

Harper's Weekly — *Brian Hooker*

RIVERSIDE

There should be music in a place like this,
And patter of delicate feet upon the dew
Dancing, and shy sweet laughter flashing through
Song, as a dream is broken by a kiss.
Under such blossomy shade might Artemis
Lean down to learn what warm-haired Leto knew,
Or Dionysos lead his clamorous crew
Where the cool stream should bathe their burning bliss.

Ashes of dreams! . . . Turn yonder, and behold
The Giant of our modern faith; whereby
Ourselves, grown wiser than the gods of old,
Poison the western wind with alchemy,

And write with lightning on the midnight sky
The golden legend of his lust for gold.

Harper's Weekly *Brian Hooker*

THE WEAVER

How hard it is to weave a wreath
Of song for a maiden's brow,
Is known to the weaver's soul alone,—
I think I know it now;
For the weaver never can weave the song
He feels, though he weave his whole life long.

Poetry Review of America *E. J. V. Huiginn*

NOCTURNE

All the earth a hush of white,
White with moonlight all the skies;
Wonder of a winter night—
And . . . your eyes.

Hues no palette dares to claim
Where the spoils of sunken ships
Leap to light in singing flame—
And . . . your lips.

Darkness as the shadows creep
Where the embers sigh to rest;
Silence of a world asleep—
And . . . your breast.

Harper's Magazine *Amelia Josephine Burr*

SONG OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CELEUS

Deep the well and dark the water,
Far we let our pitchers down.
Prisoned water, prisoned water,
Fill the gleaming pitchers brown;
Fill and brim and sparkle after;
Pools of sunlight edged with laughter
Wait their guest in Celeus' town.

When we lean above the water,
Imaged in the twilight lies
One who comes for Celeus' daughter,
Kindly brave and kindly wise.
Shadowy layers of darkness cover
Him, the coming lord and lover —
Hers who has the brightest eyes.

Harper's Magazine *Louis V. Ledoux*

KAN-IL-LAK THE SINGER

TO NAK-KU

Nak-Ku, desired!
Thine eyes speak gifts
But thy hands are empty.
Thy lips draw me
Like morning's flame on a song-bird's wing.
I follow — but thy kiss is denied.
I am a hunter alone in a forest of silence.
Under what bough
Are the warm wings of thy kiss folded?

Amid the scent of berries drying
From my high roof I have seen the dusky sea

Trip rustlingly along the sand-floors,
In little moccasins of silver, moon-broidered with
shells of longing.
Ah, thy little moccasins, Nak-Ku!
But thy feet recede from me like ebbing tides.

I have closed my door:
The heavy cedar-blanket hangs before it.
Since thou comest not,
Better that my narrow pine couch seem wide as a
winter field.
The moon makes silver shadows on my floor through
the poplars.
The wind rustles the leaves,
Swaying the boughs o'er the smoke-hole;
The little silver shadows run toward my couch —
Ah-hi, Nak-Ku!

I hear the pattering of women on the sand-paths:
Fluttered laughs, bird-whisperings before my lodge —
"Oh lover, lover!"
Brave little fingers tap upon the cedar-blanket.
But I do not open my door —
Better this grief!
I am thy poet, Nak-Ku,
Faithful to her who has given me
Dreams!

NAK-KU ANSWERS

I have given dreams to Kan-il-Lak, the singer!

Oh, what care I, Kan-il-Lak,
Though thy hut be full of witches,
Thy lips' melody flown before their kisses?
Know I not that all women

Must to the singer bring their gifts?
Know I not that to the singer comes at last
His hour of gift-judging?
I will lie, like a moonbeam, in thy heart.

A hundred gifts shall fall regarded not:
But where among the dust of forgetfulness
The one pearl shell is found —
Pure, faint-flushed with longing,
The deeps no man has seen
Brimming its lyric mouth with mystical murmurs —
There shalt thou pause
And render me thy song!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse
Constance Lindsay Skinner

EVE SPEAKS

I

Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me.
Though it be doomsday, and the trampling winds
Rush blindly through the stark and cowering skies,
Bearing Thy fearful mandate like a sword,
I do not tremble, . . . I am unafraid.
Though the red flame of wrath lick up the worlds,
And dizzy stars fall in a golden rain;
Though, in an agonizing fear of life,
The summoned spirits, torn from gentle graves,
Whirl at Thy feet or fly before Thy frown
Like leaves that run before a scornful breeze,
I do not fly, . . . my soul is unafraid.

Years have swept over me and in the wash
Of foaming centuries have been forgot.

Yet still my soul remembers Paradise,
That perfect echo of Thy gentler mood.
Wrapped in a drowsy luxury we lived,
Beauty our food and idleness our pillow.
Day after day, we walked beneath Thy smile;
And, as we wandered through the glittering hours,
Our souls unfolding with the friendly earth,
Eden grew lovelier to our eager eyes.
With every step a clump of trees, a star,
An undiscovered flower, a hill, a cry,
A new wild sunset or a wilder bird,
Entered our lives and grew a part of us.
Lord, there was naught but happiness — and yet,
Though Adam gloried in the world's content,
And sunned himself in rich complacency,
The thought that there was something more than joy,
Beyond all beauty, greater than singing peace
And tranquil happiness, vexed all my hours.
Here in a garden, without taint or care,
We played like children, we who were not children.
Swaddled with ease, lulled with Thy softest dreams,
We lived in perfect calm — who were not perfect. . . .
Eden was made for angels — not for Man.
Often the thought of this would come to me
When Adam's songs seemed empty of all mirth;
When he grew moody and the reckless fire
Leaped in his eyes and died; or when I saw
Him lying at my side, his brawny arms
Knotted with strength, his bosom deep and broad,
His hands tight-clenched, his mouth firm, even in sleep.
Here was a body made to build and dare;
Here was a brain designed to dream and mould —
To waste such energy on such a life!

I could not think it. Seeing him, I knew
Man made for Eden only — not for more —
Was made in vain. . . . I claimed my Adam, God;
Claimed him for fiercer things and lustier worlds,
Immoderate measures, insolent desires;
Claimed him for great and strengthening defeats.
He was but one of many things to Thee —
A cunning lump of clay, a sentient clod —
One of a universe of miracles.
Each day a fresh creation was to Thee;
Thou hadst infinity to shape and guard —
I only Adam.

Lying awake one night beneath the Tree,
I heard him sighing in a fitful sleep.
A cold, disdainful moon mocked my unrest,
A night-bird circled out beyond the wood.
Never did Eden seem so much a prison —
Past the great gates I glimpsed the unknown world,
Lying unfettered in majestic night.
I saw the broadening stream hold out its arms,
The proud hills called me and the lure
Of things unheard, unguessed at, caught my soul.
Adam was made for this — and this for him.
The peace of Eden grew intolerable.
Better the bold uncertainty of toil,
The granite scorn of the experienced world,
And failure upon failure; better these
Than this enforced and rotting indolence.
Adam should know his godhood; he should feel
The weariness of work, and pride of it;
The labor of creation, and its joy.
His hands should rear the dream, his sinews think;
And, in a rush of liberated power,
He should rend and tame, and wrest its secret from

The sweating, energetic earth; his frame should thrill
With every keen, courageous enterprise,
Until his rude and stumbling soul could grasp
Conquering and unconquerable joys.
So should his purpose tower to the stars;
Face, without fear, contemptuous centuries;
Meet the astonished heavens with a laugh,
And answer God with God's own words and deeds.

One thing alone would give all this to him,
One thing would cleave the sealed and stubborn rocks,
Harness the winds, curb the unbridled seas —
Knowledge, the force and shaper of the world. . . .
And so I knew that we should eat — and learn.

II

Into the world we went, Adam and I,
Bound by a new and strange companionship.
For in the battle with a hostile earth
His were the victories, mine were all defeats.
His was the lust of doing — a furrow tilled;
A wily beast ensnared, a flint well turned;
A headlong chase, a hut or trap well built;
The joy of things accomplished Adam knew.
Was there a hunt — there was a feast for him;
Was there a harvest — there was rest thereafter;
Was Adam hurt — there was my soothing care;
Was Adam tired — there were my lips and arms.
Aye, Lord, though I cried out against this thing
That made me Adam's servant, not his mate,
Yet was it just, for into endless strife
My will had plunged him; therefore all the years
I tended, comforted, encouraged him

With prayers and quickening passion, till he knew
The dazzling, harsh divinity of love. . . .
God, thou did'st make a creature out of dust,
But *I* created Man. . . . I was to him
A breast, soft shoulders, an impelling brain;
I was his spur, his shield, his stirrup-cup;
I was his child, his strumpet, and his wife.
A world of women have I been to him,
To him and all the myriad sons of Adam.
And all that they remember is my shame!
All times by all men have I been betrayed —
They have belittled and disgraced my deed
That made them seek until they found themselves;
Have turned my very purposes against me,
Knowing not that I help them unawares.
Yea, I have driven them — that they too might drive;
Have held their chains — that I might set them free;
Have ruled and urged them with a hardened hand,
That they might find the stony world less hard.
And what was my reward when they had won —
Freedom that I had bought with torturing bonds?
Faith that is stronger than the iron years?
Love with a warmth that heals as well as burns?
Or comradeship, the golden hour of love,
Clean as the candid gaze of stars and children?
Such things were not my portion. Gibes and taunts,
Mixed with the pity of a tolerant lord;
My name, turned to base uses, made to serve
A twisted symbol and a mockery.
Or I was given in some more amorous mood,
A brief endearment or an easy smile;
A jewel, perhaps an hour of casual love —
These were the precious coin in which they paid.
And thus, to either concubine or wife,
They eased their conscience — and their throbbing
lust.

They stormed through countries brandishing their deeds,
Boasting their gross and transient mastery
To girls, who listened with indulgent ears
And laughing hearts. . . . Lord, they were ever blind —
Women have they known, but never Woman.

God, when the rosy world first learned to crawl
About the floor of heaven, wert Thou not proud!
Though Thou hast planned a heaven of suns to swing
About Thy skies, like censers whirling praise;
Though Thou hast made immense and sterile space
Busy with life, a deathless miracle;
And now hast gathered up eternity,
Rolling it in the hollow of Thy hand,—
Was there one sudden thrill in all of time
As keen as that fierce tugging at Thy heart,
When first the new-born world was held by Thee
Close to Thy breast to feel its small heart beat?
Not all the fervor of ten million springs
Moved Thee so much, because it was so weak.
Errant and spoiled, untamed and contrary,
Thou sawest it grow, in fear no less than pride.
It was Thy dearest child, Thy favorite star.
God, so it was with Adam — he was mine.
Mine to protect, to nurture, to impel;
My lord and lover, yes, but first my child.
Man remains Man, but Woman is the Mother.
There is no mystery she dare not read;
No fearful fruit can grow but she must taste;
No secret knowledge can be held from her;
For she must learn all things that she may teach.

How wilt Thou judge me then, who am, like Thee,
Creator, shaper of men's destinies?

Nay more, I made their purpose vaster still.
Thou would'st have left them in a torpid Eden —
I sent them out to grapple with the world!
I give Thee back Thy planet now, O God,
An earth made strong by disobedience;
Resplendent, built with fire and furious dreams.
A world no angel host could hope to shape;
Invulnerable, spacious, and erect.
Not a vast garden rich with futile charm;
But streaming continents and crowded seas,
Extravagant cities, marshalled mountain-chains,
And every windy corner of the air
Filled with the excellent enterprise of man.
A world both promise and fulfilment — see
Men's thoughts translated into light and towers;
Visions uplifted into stone and steel;
Labor and life — a seething hymn of praise.
This is Thy clamorous and thundering clay;
This, Thy created, groping world — and mine.

Pause, God, and ponder ere Thou judgest me.

The Yale Review *Louis Untermeyer*

THE SISTERS

We four
Live here together
My three old sisters and I
In a white little cottage
With flowers on each side of the path up to the door.
It is here we eat together
At eight, one and seven
All the year round,
It is here we sew together

On garments for the Church sewing society
Here,— behind our fresh white dimity curtains
That I'll soon have to do up and darn again.
It is this cottage we mean
When we use the word Home
Is it not here we lie down and sleep
Each night all near together?

We never meet
My three old sisters and I.
We never look into each others' eyes
We never look into each others' souls
Or if we do for a moment
We quickly begin to talk about the jam
How much sugar to put in and when.
We run away and hide like mice before the light
We are afraid to look into each others' souls
So we keep on sewing, sewing.

My three old sisters are old
Very old.
It is not such a great while since they were born
Yet they are old.
I think it is because they will not look and see.
I am not old
But pretty soon I will be.
I was thinking of that when I went to him
Where he was waiting.

My sisters had been talking together all the long
afternoon
While I sat sewing and silent,
Clacking, clacking away while the lilac scent came
in at the window
And the branches beckoned and sighed.
This is what they said —

"How did that paper come into our house?"
"Fit to be burnt, don't you think?"
Then the third, "It's a shameless sheet
To print such a sensual thing."
The paper lay on the table there, between my three sisters
With my poem in it,—
My small happy poem without any name.
I had been with him when I wrote it and I wanted him again
The words arose in my heart clamouring for birth —
And there they were, between my three sisters.
Each read it in turn
Holding the paper far off with the tips of her fingers.
Then they hustled it into the fire
Giving it an extra poke with the tongs, a vicious poke.
Then each sister settled back to her sewing
With a satisfied air.
I looked at them and I wondered.
I looked at each one,
And I went to him that night —
Where he was waiting.

My three old sisters are dying
Though they do not know it.
They are not dying serenely
After life is over
They are just getting dryer and dryer
And sharper and sharper
Soon there will not be any more of them at all.

I am not like them
I cannot be
For I have a reason for living.
While they were picking their little pale odourless blossoms

I gathered my great red flower
And oh I am glad glad,
For now when the time comes I can die serenely,
I can die after living.

But first what is to come?
I am going to give my three old sisters a shock
Then what a rumpus there will be!
They will upbraid and reproach
And then they will whisper to each other, nodding
slowly and sadly
Telling each other it is not theirs to judge.
So they will become kind and pitiful
Affirming that I am their sister
And that they will stick by and see me through.
But underneath they will be touching me with the
lifted tips of their fingers.
They would like to hustle me into the fire
With an extra poke of the tongs.

Perhaps I will pretend to hang my head,
Perhaps I will to please them,
I am very obliging —
But in my heart I shall be laughing with a great
laughter
A great exaltation.
Yes they will upbraid and reproach
In grave and sisterly accents
And mourn over me,
One who has fallen,
Yet I suspect
As each one goes to her cold little room,
Deep in her breast she will envy
With a terrible envy
The child that is mine
And the night

The curious night
When the sun and the moon and the stars
Bent down
And gave me their secrets.

Others, A Magazine of the New Verse
Mary Aldis

FROM "THE HILL WIFE"

(Her Word)

THE OFT-REPEATED DREAM

She had no saying dark enough
For the dark pine that kept
Forever trying the window latch
Of the room where they slept.

His tireless but ineffectual hands
That with every futile pass
Made the great tree seem as a little bird
Before the mystery of glass!

He never had been inside the room,
And only one of the two
Was afraid in an oft-repeated dream
Of what he thought to do.

THE IMPULSE

It was too lonely for her there,
And too wild,
And since there were but two of them,
And no child,

And work was little in the house,
She was free,

And followed where he furrowed field,
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed
The fresh chips,
With a song only to herself
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough
Of black alder.
She strayed so far she scarcely heard
When he called her —

And didn't answer — didn't speak —
Or return.
She stood, and then she ran and hid
In the fern.

He never found her, though he looked
Everywhere,
And he asked at her mother's house
Was she there.

Sudden and swift and light as that
The ties gave,
And he learned of finalities
Besides the grave.

The Yale Review *Robert Frost*

CROSS PATCH

Her ardent spirit ran beyond her years
As light before a flame.
At fifteen, the tennis medal; at sixteen, the golf cup;
Then — the coveted! — bluest of blue ribbons

For faultless horsemanship.
No man in all that country,
Whatever his sport,
But had to own the girl a better man.
At that she merely laughed — saying that triumph
Is all a matter of thrill: who tingles most,
He wins inevitably.
Half bewilderment, half jest,
They called her Sprite, those ordinary folk
Who thought such urge, such instinct of life to joy
Was somehow mythical.
And having named her, they no longer thought of her,
To their relief, as young or old, one sex or other —
Just herself, apart, a goddess of out-of-doors.
School boys never dreamed of her tenderly
As one to send a perfumed valentine;
But when she strode among the horses in the field
They pawed the ground.
No leash could hold a dog when she passed by.

Then, despite her ardent race with time —
Ardent as though each moment were a dare
To some adventure of freed muscle and thrilled
nerve —
A fleeter runner overtook her flight
And bound her tightly in a golden net —
Hands, feet and bosom; lips and hair and eyes —
Beauty, beauty of women.
Or was it she, unconscious what she raced,
Ran suddenly, breathless, glad and yet dismayed,
Into the arms of her own womanhood?
Which, no one knew, herself the least of all.
But no more did she fly beyond herself,
As eager to leave the very flesh behind,
But stayed with it in deep and rapturous content;
Her ardor turned

Henceforth within upon a secret goal.
Spirit and beauty seemed to flow together,
Each rapt in each
Like a hushed lily in a hidden pool.
Only at dances did the sprite peep out,
Ardent and yet controlled,
Alive to every turn and slope of the rhythm
As if the music spread a path for her
To what she truly sought.

'Twas at a dance she found it — found the man —
And no one had to question what she found:
Her eyes, her very finger-tips, proclaimed
The marvel it was to be a part of her,
A part of love.
The man — he had no medals and ribbons of triumph;
If she had fled on horse or even on foot
He never could have caught her.
It must have been his mind's humility
That made her stay,
So thoughtless of itself, so thoughtful of
Forgotten wisdoms, old greatness, world riddles;
A patient, slow, but never yielding search
(Passionate too, with wings' flight of its own)
For what — compared with other minds she knew —
Might well have seemed the blessed western isles.
They lived beyond the village on a hill
Beneath a row of pines; a house without pretense
Yet fully conscious of uncommon worth —
A house all books inside.

Their only neighbor was a garrulous man,
Who smoked a never finished pipe
Upon a never finished woodpile
Strategically placed beside the road

So none could pass without his toll of gossip.
He started it.
One day, pointing his thumb across the pines, he said:
"There's something wrong up yonder;
Their honeymoon had set behind a storm.
I heard 'em fight last night . . .
Well, what'd he expect? They're all alike —
women."
Of course it got about,
And while no one quite believed,
Still, to make sure, some friendly women called.
They said that he was studying, quite as usual,
Not changed at all, just quiet and indrawn —
The last man in the world to make a quarrel;
And she, well, of course *she* wasn't so easy to read,
Always strange and different from a child;
But even in her the sharpest eye saw nothing
That seemed the loose end of the littlest quarrel.
No couple could have acted more at ease;
And anyhow, a woman like *that,* they said,
Would never have stayed so quiet in the pines
With unhappiness, but tossed it from her broadcast
Like brands from a bonfire.
She said the house was damp — and that was all.
At last even the old garrulous woodpile
Knocked out the ashes of it from his pipe.

But then, a few months later, a frightened servant girl
Ran at early morning from the pines,
Crying the judge in town.
She said her mistress suddenly, without cause,
Standing by her in the kitchen, turned on her
Blackly with words no decent girl deserved,
Then struck her full in the face, spat on her, pulled her hair.

She wanted compensation, the servant did,
And a clean character before the world,
Yes, and punishment for the beast who hurt her —
That is, if the woman wasn't mad.
Mad — oh ho! the shock of it
Rolled seething over the place like a tidal wave,
And in the wake of the wave, like weed and wreckage,
Many a hint and sense of something wrong at the pines
Sprawled in the daylight.
A stable boy remembered
How not a week before she'd called for a horse,
The spiritedest saddle they had,
And when she brought him back 'twas late at night,
The horse and woman both done up,
Slashed, splashed and dripping;
But all she said was, "Send the bill;
The beast's no good — I'll never ride again."

So this and other stories quite as strange
Stretched everybody's nerves for the trial to come
And made them furious when it didn't come —
He settling with the girl outside of court.
The judge's wife knew all there was to know:
Not jealousy at all, just nerves —
Every woman, you know, at certain times . . .
Of course, agreed the village, so that's it? still
(Not to be cheated outright), still
Even so, she'd best take care of that temper;
A husband's one thing, an unborn child's another —
She'd always been a stormy, uncontrollable soul.
Some blamed the husband he had never reined her in,
Most pitied him a task impossible.
All waited the event on tiptoe —
It wasn't like other women, somehow, for her to have a child.

The months passed, no child was born.
Then other women sneered openly:
She wanted one and couldn't — served her right.
This lapse from the common law of wives
Was all the fissure the sea required
To force the dike with. Little by little then,
The pressure of year on year,
The pines and the two lives they hid
Grew dubious, then disagreeable, then at last sinister.
At this point the new generation took up
Its inheritance, the habit of myth,
And quite as a matter of course it found her hateful,
Ugly, a symbol of sudden fear by darkened paths —
Cross Patch!
And one by one the people who were young
Beside her youth, moved off or died or changed,
Forgetting her youth as they forgot their own;
Until if ever she herself
Had felt a sudden overwhelming pang
To stop some old acquaintance on the road
And stammer out, " You know — don't you — the girl
I was —
I was not always *this,* was I? " she might have found
A dozen at most to know the Sprite her youth,
But none to clear the overtangled path
That led from Sprite to Cross Patch; not one, not one,
But looking back would damn
The very urge of joy in Sprite, and all its ardent spirit
For having mothered Cross Patch; not one, not one,
To see the baffled womanhood she was,
Orphan of hopes too bright, not mother of evil.
And thus besieged on all sides by the present
She fought against all sides, as if by fury
To force one way to yield.

For both it was a nightmare, not a life, and neither
Could well have told how it had ever begun;
But once begun it seemed inevitable,
A storm that settled darkly round their souls,
Unwilled as winter,
With moan of wind through sere and barren boughs
And skies forever masked.
The first blow of the quarrel had been hers,
A blow unguessed by either, for she struck
Like nature, not to hurt but to survive.
But wrath accrued
So soon thereafter that the blow seemed angry,
And she struck out again with eyes and tongue
Pursuing him, the angrier at his grief,
Until in sheer defense he hit
Not at herself, but at her blows, to ward them;
Keeping the while
His thought above the dark upon a star or so
Fixed in the past. But she defended her wrath
As part of her dignity and right: they stormed
Up, up the hill and down,
Increasing darkness to the end of life.
Of him friends said
He seemed like a lonely sentinel
Posted against the very edge of doom,
Whom no watch came relieving.
"She'll kill him yet, the fool!" the woodpile's verdict
Before the pipe went out for the last time,
Leaving the pines unneighbored.

But he was wrong, the urn outlasted the flame.
One night, hands at her throat, she came
And knelt before him, timidly reaching out
And trying to speak, to *speak* — struggling as if words

Were something still to learn.
At last speech broke from her, so agonized
He hardly knew if it were supreme wrath or supreme supplication:
" You did not love me . . ."
And as he bent to her he felt
Her girlhood cry, a murdered thing returned.
He hoped that it was wrath, as easier to endure,
Feeling it burn from mind to heart, from heart to soul,
Gathering more awe, more terror, at each advance.
Like a priest with sacrifice it passed
The colonnades of his thought, entering without pause
An unknown altar of his being
Behind a curtain never moved before.
" You did not love me. . . ."
Both gazed upon the sacrifice held up
As though it were the bleeding heart of their own lives
Somehow no longer their own.

And then the priest returned, slowly, pace by pace,
Out of the hush of feeling into the hush of thought.
It was the priest and not himself, the man believed,
Who like an echo, not less agonized,
Whispered across the waste of many lives,
Whispering " No . . ."

Whose heart, the man's or woman's, lowest stooped
To raise the other prostrate heart aloft
With supplication and consolement, urging it
To live — *oh, live!* — dying itself the while,
God knew before the beginning of the world.
We only know that stooping so, dust turned to dust,
All hearts meet at last.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Horace Holley*

She stood against the kitchen sink, and looked
Over the sink out through a dusty window
At weeds the water from the sink made tall.
She wore her cape; her hat was in her hand.
Behind her was confusion in the room,
Of chairs turned upside down to sit like people
In other chairs, and something, come to look,
For every room a house has — parlor, bedroom,
And dining-room — thrown pell-mell in the kitchen.
And now and then a smudged, infernal face
Looked in a door behind her and addressed
Her back. She always answered without turning.
"Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?"

"Put it on top of something that's on top
Of something else," she laughed. "Oh, put it where
You can to-night, and go. It's almost dark;
You must be getting started back to town."
Another blackened face thrust in and looked
And smiled, and when she did not turn, spoke gently,
"What are you seeing out the window, *lady?*"

"Never was I beladied so before.
Would evidence of having been called lady
More than so many times make me a lady
In common law, I wonder."
"But I ask,
What are you seeing out the window, lady?"

"What I'll be seeing more of in the years
To come as here I stand and go the round
Of many plates with towels many times."

"And what is that? You only put me off."

" Rank weeds that love the water from the dish-pan
More than some women like the dish-pan, Joe;
A little stretch of mowing-field for you;
Not much of that until I come to woods
That end all. And it's scarce enough to call
A view."
" And yet you think you like it, dear? "

" That's what you're so concerned to know! You hope
I like it. Bang goes something big away
Off there up-stairs. The very tread of men
As great as those is shattering to the frame
Of such a little house. Once left alone,
You and I, dear, will go with softer steps
Up and down stairs and through the rooms, and none
But sudden winds that snatch them from our hands
Will ever slam the doors."
" I think you see
More than you like to own to out that window."

" No; for beside the things I tell you of,
I only see the years. They come and go
In alternation with the weeds, the field,
The wood."
" What kind of years? "
" Why, latter years —
Different from early years."
" I see them, too.
You didn't count them? "
" No, the further off
So ran together that I didn't try to.
It can scarce be that they would be in number
We'd care to know, for we are not young now.
And bang goes something else away off there.
It sounds as if it were the men gone down,

And every crash meant one less to return
To lighted city streets we, too, have known,
But now are giving up for country darkness."

"Come from that window where you see too much
for me,
And take a livelier view of things from here.
They're going. Watch this husky swarming up
Over the wheel into the sky-high seat,
Lighting his pipe now, squinting down his nose
At the flame burning downward as he sucks it."

"See how it makes his nose-side bright, a proof
How dark it's getting. Can you tell what time
It is by that? Or by the moon? The new moon!
What shoulder did I see her over? Neither.
A wire she is of silver, as new as we
To everything. Her light won't last us long.
It's something, though, to know we're going to have
her
Night after night and stronger every night
To see us through our first two weeks. But, Joe,
The stove! Before they go! Knock on the window;
Ask them to help you get it on its feet.
We stand here dreaming. Hurry! Call them back!"

"They're not gone yet."
"We've got to have the stove,
Whatever else we want for. And a light.
Have we a piece of candle if the lamp
And oil are buried out of reach?"
Again
The house was full of trampling, and the dark,
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall,
To which they set it true by eye; and then

Came up the jointed stovepipe in their hands,
So much too light and airy for their strength
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.
"A fit!" said one and banged a stovepipe shoulder.
"It's good luck when you move in to begin
With good luck with your stovepipe. Never mind,
It's not so bad in the country, settled down,
When people're getting on in life. You'll like it."

Joe said: "You big boys ought to find a farm,
And make good farmers, and leave other fellows
The city work to do. There's not enough
For everybody as it is in there."

"God!" one said wildly, and, when no one spoke:
"Say that to Jimmy here. He needs a farm."
But Jimmy only made his jaw recede
Fool-like, and rolled his eyes as if to say
He saw himself a farmer. Then there was a French boy
Who said with seriousness that made them laugh,
"Ma friend, you ain't know what it is you're ask."
He doffed his cap, and held it with both hands
Across his chest to make as 't were a speech,
"We're giving you our chances on de farm."
And then they all turned to with deafening boots
And put each other bodily out of the house.

"Good-by to them! We puzzle them. They think —
I don't know what they think we see in what
They leave us to. That pasture slope that seems
The back some farm presents us; and your woods
To northward from your window at the sink.
Waiting to steal a step on us whenever
We drop our eyes or turn to other things,
As in the game 'Ten-step' the children play."

"Good boys they seemed, and let them love the city.
All they could say was 'God!' when you proposed
Their coming out and making useful farmers."

"Did they make something lonesome go through you?
It would take more than them to sicken you —
Us of our bargain. But they left us so
As to our fate, like fools past reasoning with.
They almost shook *me*."

"It's all so much
What we have always wanted, I confess
Its seeming bad for a moment makes it seem
Even worse still, and so on down, down, down.
It's nothing; it's their leaving us at dusk.
I never bore it well when people went.
The first night after guests have gone, the house
Seems haunted or exposed. I always take
A personal interest in the locking up
At bedtime; but the strangeness soon wears off."

He fetched a dingy lantern from behind
A door. "There's that we didn't lose! And these!"
Some matches he unpocketed. "For food —
The meals we've had no one can take from us.
I wish that everything on earth were just
As certain as the meals we've had. I wish
The meals we haven't had were, anyway.
What have you you know where to lay your hands
on?"

"The bread we bought in passing at the store.
There's butter somewhere, too."

"Let's rend the bread.
I'll light the fire for company for you;
You'll not have any other company
Till Ed begins to get out on a Sunday
To look us over and give us his idea

Of what wants pruning, shingling, breaking up.
He'll know what he would do if he were we,
And all at once. He'll plan for us and plan
To help us, but he'll take it out in planning.
Well, you can set the table with the loaf.
Let's see you find your loaf. I'll light the fire.
I like chairs occupying other chairs
Not offering a lady —"

"There again, Joe!
You're tired."

"I'm drunk-nonsensical tired out;
Don't mind a word I say. It's a day's work
To empty one house of all household goods
And fill another with 'em fifteen miles away,
Although you do no more than dump them down."

"Dumped down in paradise we are and happy."

"It's all so much what I have always wanted,
I can't believe it's what you wanted, too."

"Shouldn't you like to know?"

"I'd like to know
If it is what you wanted, then how much
You wanted it for me."

"A troubled conscience!
You don't want me to tell if *I* don't know."

"I don't want to find out what can't be known.
But who first said the word to come?"

"My dear,
It's who first thought the thought. You're searching, Joe,
For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.
Ends and beginnings — there are no such things.
There are only middles."

"What is this?"
"This life?
Our sitting here by lantern-light together
Amid the wreckage of a former home?
You won't deny the lantern isn't new.
The stove is not, and you are not to me,
Nor I to you."
"Perhaps you never were?"

"It would take me forever to recite
All that's not new in where we find ourselves.
New is a word for fools in towns who think
Style upon style in dress, and thought at last
Must get somewhere. I've heard you say as much.
No, this is no beginning."
"Then an end?"

"End is a gloomy word."
"Is it too late
To drag you out for just a good-night call
On the old peach-trees on the knoll to grope
By starlight in the grass for a last peach
The neighbors may not have taken as their right
When the house wasn't lived in? I've been looking:
I doubt if they have left us many grapes.
Before we set ourselves to right the house,
The first thing in the morning, out we go
And go the round of apple, cherry, peach,
Pine, alder, pasture, mowing, well, and brook.
All of a farm it is."
"I know this much:
I'm going to put you in your bed, if first
I have to make you build it. Come, the light."

When there was no more lantern in the kitchen,
Out got the fire through crannies in the stove

And danced in yellow wrigglers on the ceiling,
As much at home as if they'd always danced there.

The Century Magazine *Robert Frost*

THE UNFORGIVEN

When he, who is the unforgiven,
Did find her first, he found her fair:
No promise ever dreamt in heaven
Could then have lured him anywhere
That would have been away from there;
And all his wits had lightly striven,
Foiled with her voice, and eyes, and hair.

There's nothing in the saints and sages
To meet the shafts her glances had,
Or such as hers have had for ages,
To blind a man till he be glad,
And humble him till he be mad:
The story would have many pages,
And would be neither good nor bad.

And, having followed, you would find him
Where properly the play begins;
But look for no red light behind him —
No fumes of many-colored sins,
Fanned high by screaming violins.
God knows what good it was to blind him,
Or whether man or woman wins.

And by the same eternal token,
Who knows just how it will all end? —
This drama of hard words unspoken,
This fireside farce, without a friend
Or enemy to comprehend

What augurs when two lives are broken,
And fear finds nothing left to mend.

He stares in vain for what awaits him,
And sees in Love a coin to toss;
He smiles, and her cold hush berates him
Beneath his hard half of the cross;
They wonder why it ever was;
And she, the unforgiving, hates him
More for her lack than for her loss.

He feeds with pride his indecision,
And shrinks from what will not occur,
Bequeathing with infirm derision
His ashes to the days that were,
Before she made him prisoner;
And labors to retrieve the vision
That he must once have had of her.

He waits, and there awaits an ending,
And he knows neither what nor when;
But no magicians are attending
To make him see as he saw then,
And he will never find again
The face that once had been the rending
Of all his purpose among men.

He blames her not, nor does he chide her,
And she has nothing new to say;
If he were Bluebeard he could hide her,
But that's not written in the play,
And there will be no change to-day;
Although, to the serene outsider,
There still would seem to be a way.

Scribner's Magazine *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

FORGIVENESS

Now God be thanked that roads are long and wide,
And four far havens in the scattered sky.
It would be hard to meet and pass you by.

And God be praised there is an end of pride,
And pity only has a word to say,
While memory grows dim as time grows gray.

For, God His word, I gave my best to you,
All that I had, the finer and the sweet,
To make — a path for your unquiet feet.

Their track is on the life you trampled through —
Such evil steps to leave such hallowing.
Now God be with you in your wandering!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse
Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

DIRGE

Never the nightingale,
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark,
Thou wilt hear.
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call,
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear.

The Century Magazine *Adelaide Crapsey*

AT THE PICTURE-SHOW

She sits with eyes intent upon the screen,
A quiet woman with work-hardened hands.
Beside her squirms an eager, shock-head boy;
Upon her lap a little rumpled girl
With petalled cheek and bright, play-roughened hair;
While, bulwark of the little family group,
Her husband looms, with one unconscious arm
Lying along her chair-back. So they come
Often, and for a few cents, more or less,
Slip through the wicket-gate of wonderment
That bounds the beaten paths of everyday.
The Indians and the horses thrill the boy
With dreams of great adventure; the big man
Likes the great bridges, and the curious lore
Of alien folk in other lands; the child
Laughs at the funny way the people die.
And she?
The way the hero's overcoat
Sets to his shoulders; or a lock of hair
Tossed back impatiently; or else a smile,
A visible sigh, an eyebrow lifted, so,—
They touch strange, buried, dispossessed old dreams.
And while her hand plays with the baby's curls
Unthinking, once again she sees the face
That swayed her youth as ocean tides are swayed
Until she broke her heart to save her soul . . .
And fled back to her native town . . . and left
In the gray canyons of the city streets
All the high hopes of youth. . . .

She has picked up
Her life since then, and made a goodly thing
Out of the fragments; that is written plain
Upon the simple page for all to see.

I fancy that she hardly thinks of him
Through all her wholesome days; but when, at night
They go a-voyaging across the screen,
And suddenly a street-lamp throws a gleam
On a wet pavement . . . a man sits alone
On a park bench . . . or else goes swinging past
With that expression to his overcoat. . . .
She does not pick this player-man, or that,
But all the heroes have some trick of his. . . .

The Yale Review *Karle Wilson Baker*

MOODS

I

AN ASTRONOMER

On a lone hillside
A Navajo shepherd
Wrapt in his blanket,
Hugged his knees,
Dreamed into the night—
A wisp of a crescent,
A sky full of stars—
In his thought
He was asking:
"Do my lanterns
Shine up to the stars?"

II

A VASE OF CHINESE IVORY

In the museum
It had no name:
It was only the life work
Of one almond-eyed heathen—

Just one of a million!
Look closer
And you will see
A soul,
Unique and beautiful!

III

MESSAGES

He plodded along
The deep-rutted road,
The old farmer,
Face as red as sumach,
Wind-colored;
Happy.
The bee-drone hum
Of wires overhead
Was song and laughter to him.
Yet the wires were laden
With messages of strife, and sorrow,
and sin.

IV

THE HEIGHTS

Alone,
On a high mountain trail;
I drew strength from out the sky;
My thoughts went out
Like my shadow at sunset:
I grew great as my shadow at sunset.

V

SOLITUDE

Youth!
If there be madness
In your soul,
Go to the mountain solitudes
Where you can grow up
To your madness.

The Little Review *David O'Neil*

THE KEEPER OF THE LOCK

"The rich are talking of their money's worth,
And the quiet lock must go.
They're going to choke our blue canal with earth,
And a road for public show.

"I've let the narrow boats slip in and out
These thirty years and more.
It will be hard to wake and turn about,
When a dream was at my door,

"A dream of sun and slanting meadow-croft,
And a bright waterway,
And boats, like sea-gulls, rising, settling soft.
Well,— the dream-birds never stay!

"The motors will come lavishing their smell
At every hour, and mock
Our quietness with every hoot of hell,"
Said the keeper of the lock.

"I love the lock with its banks of moss and vine,"
Said the daughter Marjory,

"But the days are dull with never an outward sign.
Now the world will come to me.

"I shall be glad to hear new voices ring,
To discover some new face,
To see the luck of cities have its fling
In this wide and silent place."

"The motors will be snorting dust to dim
The hedge, the hollyhock,
And killing all the air for pleasure's whim,"
Said the keeper of the lock.

"It will be good to see long rows of light
Stretch to infinity,
And rosy car on car flash out of sight,"
Said the daughter Marjory.

Said the keeper of the lock: "They've driven their knife,—
For the lock is life to me!"
"It will be good to know a bit of life,"
Said the daughter Marjory.

The Poetry Review of America *Agnes Lee*

NIMMO'S EYES

Since you remember Nimmo, and arrive
At such a false and florid and far-drawn
Confusion of odd nonsense, I connive
No longer, though I may have led you on.

So much is told and heard and told again,
So many with his legend are engrossed,

That I, more sorry now than I was then,
May live on to be sorry for his ghost.

We all remember Nimmo, and his eyes,—
How deep they were, and what a velvet light
Came out of them when anger or surprise,
Or laughter, or Francesca, made them bright.

You must remember Nimmo's eyes, I think,—
And you say not a word of them. Well, well,
I wonder if all history's worth a wink,
Sometimes, or if my tale is one to tell.

For they began to lose their velvet light;
Their fire grew dead without and small within;
And many of you deplored the needless fight
That somewhere in the dark there must have been.

All fights are needless, when they're not our own,—
But Nimmo and Francesca never fought.
Remember that; and when you are alone,
Remember me — and think what I have thought.

And think of Nimmo's eyes; and if you can,
Remember something in them that was wrong.
A casual thing to ask of any man,
You tell me,— and you laugh? You won't laugh long.

Now, mind you, I say nothing of what was,
Or never was, or could or could not be:
Bring not suspicion's candle to the glass
That mirrors a friend's face to memory.

Of what you see, see all,— but see no more;
For what I show you here will not be there.
The devil has had his way with paint before,
And he's an artist,— and you needn't stare.

There was a painter and he painted well:
He'd paint you Daniel in the lions' den,
Beelzebub, Elaine, or William Tell.
I'm coming back to Nimmo's eyes again.

The painter put the devil in those eyes,
Unless the devil did, and there he stayed;
And then the lady fled from paradise,
And there's your fact. The lady was afraid.

She must have been afraid, or may have been,
Of evil in their velvet all the while;
But sure as I'm a sinner with a skin,
I'll trust the man as long as he can smile.

I trust him who can smile and then may live
In my heart's house, where Nimmo is to-day.
God knows if I have more than men forgive
To tell him; but I played, and I shall pay.

I knew him then, and if I know him yet,
I know in him, defeated and estranged,
The calm of men forbidden to forget
The calm of women who have loved and changed.

But there are ways that are beyond our ways,
Or he would not be calm and she be mute,
As one by one their lost and empty days
Pass without even the warmth of a dispute.

God help us all when women think they see,
God save us when they do. I'm fair; but though
I know him only as he looks to me,
I know him,— and I tell Francesca so.

She makes an epic of an episode,
I tell her, and the toil is ruinous;

And I may tell her till I go the road
We find alone, the best and worst of us.

And what of Nimmo? Little would you ask
Of Nimmo, could you see him as I can,
At his bewildered and unfruitful task
Of being what he always was — a man.

Better forget that I said anything
Of what your tortured memory may disclose;
I know him, and your worst remembering
Would count as much as nothing, I suppose.

Meanwhile, I trust him; for I know his way
Of being Nimmo now as in his youth.
I'm painting here a better man, you say,
Than I, the painter, and you say the truth.

Scribner's Magazine. *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

SIMON SURNAMED PETER

Time that has lifted you over them all —
O'er John and o'er Paul;
Writ you in capitals, made you the chief
Word on the leaf —
How did you, Peter, when ne'er on His breast
You leaned and were blest —
And none except Judas and you broke the faith
To the day of His death,—
You, Peter, the fisherman, worthy of blame,
Arise to this fame?

'Twas you in the garden who fell into sleep
And the watch failed to keep,

When Jesus was praying and pressed with the weight
Of the oncoming fate.
'Twas you in the court of the palace who warmed
Your hands as you stormed
At the damsel, denying Him thrice, when she cried:
"He walked at his side!"
You, Peter, a wave, a star among clouds, a reed in
the wind,
A guide of the blind,
Both smiter and flyer, but human always, I protest,
Beyond all the rest.

When at night by the boat on the sea He appeared,
Did you wait till he neared?
You leaped in the water, not dreading the worst
In your joy to be first
To greet Him and tell Him of all that had passed
Since you saw Him the last.
You had slept while He watched, but fierce were you,
fierce and awake
When they sought Him to take,
And cursing, no doubt, as you smote off, as one of
the least,
The ear of the priest.

Then Andrew and all of them fled, but you followed
Him, hoping for strength
To save him at length
Till you lied to the damsel, oh penitent Peter, and
crept,
Into hiding and wept.

Oh well! But he asked all the twelve, "Who am
I?"
And who made reply?

As you leaped in the sea, so you spoke as you smote
with the sword;
"Thou art Christ, even Lord!"
John leaned on His breast, but he asked you, your
strength to foresee,
"Nay, lovest thou me?"
Thrice over, as thrice you denied Him, and chose you
to lead
His sheep and to feed;
And gave you, He said, the keys of the den and the
fold
To have and to hold.
You were a poor jailer, oh Peter, the dreamer, who
saw
The death of the law
In the dream of the vessel that held all the four-
footed beasts,
Unclean for the priests;
And heard in the vision a trumpet that all men are
worth
The peace of the earth
And rapture of heaven hereafter,—oh Peter, what
power
Was yours in that hour:
You warder and jailer and sealer of fates and de-
crees,
To use the big keys
With which to reveal and fling wide all the soul and
the scheme
Of the Galilee dream,
When you flashed in a trice, as later you smote with
the sword:
"Thou art Christ, even Lord!"

We men, Simon Peter, we men also give you the
crown
O'er Paul and o'er John.

We write you in capitals, make you the chief
Word on the leaf.
We know you as one of our flesh, and 'tis well
You are warder of hell,
And heaven's gatekeeper forever to bind and to loose —
Keep the keys if you choose.
Not rock of you, fire of you make you sublime
In the annals of time.
You were called by Him, Peter, a rock, but we give you the name
Of Peter the Flame.
For you struck a spark, as the spark from the shock
Of steel upon rock.
The rock has his use but the flame gives the light
In the way in the night: —
Oh, Peter, the dreamer, impetuous, human, divine,
Gnarled branch of the vine!

Reedy's Mirror — *Edgar Lee Masters*

MIRACLES

I

Twilight is spacious, near things in it seem far,
And distant things seem near.
Now in the green west hangs a yellow star.
And now across old waters you may hear
The profound gloom of bells among still trees,
Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

Silent as though in evening contemplation
Weaves the bat under the gathering stars.
Silent as dew we seek new incarnation,
Meditate new avatars.
In a clear dusk like this

Mary climbed up the hill to seek her son,
To lower him down from the cross, and kiss
The mauve wounds, every one.

Men with wings
In the dusk walked softly after her.
She did not see them, but may have felt
The winnowed air around her stir.
She did not see them, but may have known
Why her son's body was light as a little stone.
She may have guessed that other hands were there
Moving the watchful air.

Now, unless persuaded by searching music
Which suddenly opens the portals of the mind,
We guess no angels,
And are content to be blind.
Let us blow silver horns in the twilight.
And lift our hearts to the yellow star in the green,
To find, perhaps, if while the dew is rising,
Clear things may not be seen.

II

Under a tree I sit, and cross my knees,
And smoke a cigarette.
You nod to me: you think perhaps you know me.
But I escape you, I am none of these;
I leave my name behind me, I forget . . .

I hear a fountain shattering into a pool;
I see the gold fish slanting under the cool;
And suddenly all is frozen into silence.
And among the firs, or over desert grass,
Or out of a cloud of dust, or out of darkness,
Or on the first slow patter of sultry rain,

I hear a voice cry "Marvels have come to pass,—
The like of which shall not be seen again!"

And behold, across a sea one came to us,
Treading the wave's edge with his naked feet,
Slowly, as one might walk in a ploughed field.
We stood where the soft waves on the shingle beat,
In a blowing mist, and pressed together in terror,
And marvelled that all our eyes might share one
error.

For if the fishes' fine-spun net must sink,
Or pebbles flung by a boy, or the thin sand,
How shall we understand
That flesh and blood might tread on the sea water
And foam not wet the ankles? We must think
That all we know is lost, or only a dream,
That dreams are real, and real things only dream.

And if a man may walk to us like this
On the unstable sea, as on a beach,
With his head bowed in thought —
Then we have been deceived in what men teach;
And all our knowledge has come to nought;
And a little flame should seek the earth,
And leaves, falling, should seek the sky,
And surely we should enter the womb for birth,
And sing from the ashes when we die.

Or was the man a god, perhaps, or devil?
They say he healed the sick by stroke of hands;
And that he gave the sights of the earth to the blind.
And I have heard that he could touch a fig-tree,
And say to it, "Be withered!" and it would shrink
Like a cursed thing, and writhe its leaves, and die.

How shall we understand such things, I wonder,
Unless there are things invisible to the eye?

And there was Lazarus, raised from the dead:
To whom he spoke, quietly, in the dusk,—
Lazarus, three days dead, and mortified;
And the pale body trembled; as from a swoon,
Sweating, the sleeper woke, and raised his head;
And turned his puzzled eyes from side to side . . .

Should we not, then, hear voices in a stone,
Whispering softly of heaven and hell?
Or if one walked beside a sea, alone,
Hear broodings of a bell? . . .
Or on a green hill in the evening's fire,
If we should stand and listen to poplar trees,
Should we not hear the lit leaves suddenly choir
A jargon of silver music against the sky? . . .
Or the dew sing, or dust profoundly cry? . . .
If this is possible, then all things are:
And I may leave my body crumpled there
Like an old garment on the floor;
To walk abroad on the unbetraying air;
To pass through every door,
And see the hills of the earth, or climb a star.

Wound me with spears, you only stab the wind;
You nail my cloak against a bitter tree;
You do not injure me.

I pass through the crowd, the dark crowd busy with
murder,
Through the linked arms I pass;
And slowly descend the hill through dew-wet grass.

III

Twilight is spacious, near things in it seem far,
And distant things seem near.
Now in the green west hangs a yellow star;
And now across old waters you may hear
The profound gloom of bells among still trees,
Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

Peter said that Christ, though crucified,
Had not died;
But that escaping from his cerements,
In human flesh, with mortal sense,
Amazed at such an ending,
He fled alone, and hid in Galilee,
And lived in secret, spending
His days and nights, perplexed, in contemplation:
And did not know if this were surely he.

Did Peter tell me this? Or was I Peter?
Or did I listen to a tavern-story?
Green leaves thrust out and fall. It was long ago.
Dust has been heaped upon us. . . . We have perished.
We clamor again. And again we are dust and blow.

Well, let us take the music, and drift with it
Into the darkness. . . . It is exquisite.

The Poetry Journal *Conrad Aiken*

NIGHT FOR ADVENTURES

Sometimes when fragrant summer dusk comes in with
scent of rose and musk
And scatters from their sable husk the stars like
yellow grain,

Oh then the ancient longing comes that lures me like
a roll of drums
To follow where the cricket strums his banjo in the
lane.

And when the August moon comes up and like a shal-
low silver cup
Pours out upon the fields and roads her amber-
colored beams,
A leafy whisper mounts and calls from out the forest's
moss-grown halls
To leave the city's somber walls and take the road
o' dreams.
A call that bids me rise and strip, and naked all from
toe to lip
To wander where the dewdrops drip from off the
silent trees,
And where the hairy spiders spin their nets of silver,
fragile-thin,
And out to where the fields begin, like down upon
the breeze.

Into a silver pool to plunge, and like a great trout
wheel and lunge
Among the lily bonnets and the stars reflected
there;
With face upturned to lie afloat, with moonbeams rip-
pling round my throat,
And from the slimy grasses plait a chaplet for my
hair.

Then, leaping from my rustic bath, to take some wind-
ing meadow-path;
Across the fields of aftermath to run with flying
feet,

And feel the dewdrop-weighted grass that bends beneath me as I pass,
Where solemn trees in shadowy mass beyond the highway meet.

And, plunging deep within the woods, among the leaf-hung solitudes
Where scarce one timid star intrudes into the breathless gloom,
Go leaping down some fern-hid way to scare the rabbits in their play,
And see the owl, a phantom gray, drift by on silent plume.

To fling me down at length and rest upon some damp and mossy nest,
And hear the choir of surpliced frogs strike up a bubbling tune;
And watch, above the dreaming trees, Orion and the Hyades
And all the stars, like golden bees around the lily-moon.

Then who can say if I have gone a-gipsying from dusk till dawn
In company with fay and faun, where firefly-lanterns gleam?
And have I danced on cobwebs thin to Master Locust's mandolin —
Or have I spent the night in bed, and was it all a dream?

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Victor Starbuck*

"FOOD O' MOON'S BEAMS"

Athin the even's hour
When shadow purpleth the garden's wall
Then sit thee there adream
And cunger thee from out the pack o' me.
Yea, speak thou and tell to me
What 'tis thou hearest here.

A rustling? Yea, aright.
A murmuring? Yea, aright.
Ah then, thou sayest 'tis the leaves
That love one 'pon the other.
Yea, and the murmuring, thou sayest
Is but the streamlet's hum.

Nay. Nay. For wait thee,
Ayonder o'er the wall doth rise
Thy white-faced sister o' the sky.
And lo, she beareth thee a fairie's wand,
And showeth thee the ghosts of dreams.

Look thou! Ah, look! A one
Doth step adown the path! The rustle?
'Tis the silken whisper o' her robe.
The hum? The lovenote o' her maiden dream.
See thee! Ah see, she bendeth there
And branch o' bloom doth nod and dance.
Hark, the note! A robin's cheer?
Ah, brother, nay,
'Tis the whistle o' her lover's pipe.
See! See! The path e'en now
Doth show him, tall and dark, aside the gate.

What! What! Thou sayest
'Tis but rustle o' the leaves

And brooklet's humming o'er the stony path!
Then hush. Yea, hush thee!
Hush and leave me here.
The fairy wand hath broke and leaves
Stand still, and note hath ceased
And maiden vanished with thy word.

Thou, thou hast broke the spell
And dream hath heard thy word and fled.
Yea, sunk, sunk upon the path,
They of my dreams, slain, slain
And dead with but thy word.
Ah, leave me here, and go,
For Earth doth hold not
E'en my dreaming's wraith.

Reedy's Mirror *Patience Worth*

EVENSONG

This song is of no importance,
I will only improvise;
Yet, maybe, here and there,
Suddenly from these sounds a chord will start
And piercingly touch my heart.

I

In the pale mauve twilight, streaked with orange,
Exquisitely sweet,—
She leaned upon her balcony and looked across the street;
And across the huddled roofs of the misty city,
Across the hills of tenements, so gray,
She looked into the west with a young and infinite pity,

With a young and wistful pity, as if to say
The dark was coming, and irresistible night,
Which man would attempt to meet
With here and there a little flickering light. . . .
The orange faded, the housetops all were black,
And a strange and beautiful quiet
Came unexpected, came exquisitely sweet,
On market-place and street;
And where were lately crowds and sounds and riot
Was a gentle blowing of wind, a murmur of leaves,
A single step, or voice, and under the eaves
The scrambling of sparrows; and then the hush swept back.

II

She leaned upon her balcony, in the darkness,
Folding her hands beneath her chin;
And watched the lamps begin
Here and there to pierce like eyes the darkness,—
From windows, luminous rooms,
And from the damp dark street
Between the moving branches, and the leaves with rain still sweet.
It was strange: the leaves thus seen,
With the lamplight's cold bright glare thrown up among them,—
The restless maple leaves,
Twinkling their myriad shadows beneath the eaves,—
Were lovelier, almost, than with sunlight on them,
So bright they were with young translucent green;
Were lovelier, almost, than with moonlight on them. . . .
And looking so wistfully across the city,
With such a young, and wise, and infinite pity
For the girl who had no lover
To walk with her along a street like this,

With slow steps in the rain, both aching for a kiss,—
It seemed as if all evenings were the same,
As if all evenings came
With just such tragic peacefulness as this;
With just such hint of loneliness or pain,
The quiet after rain.

III

Would her lover, then, grow old sooner than she,
And find a night like this too damp to walk?
Would he prefer to stay indoors and talk,
Or read the evening paper, while she sewed, or darned
a sock,
And listened to the ticking of the clock:
Would he prefer it to lamplight on a tree?
Would he be old and tired,
And, having all the comforts he desired,
Take no interest in the twilight coming down
So beautifully and quietly on the town?
Would her lover, then, grow old sooner than she?

IV

A neighbor started singing, singing a child to sleep.
It was strange: a song thus heard,—
In the misty evening, after an afternoon of rain,—
Seemed more beautiful than happiness, more beautiful than pain,
Seemed to escape the music and the word,
Only, somehow, to keep
A warmth that was lovelier than the song of any
bird.
Was it because it came up through this tree,
Through the lucent leaves that twinkled on this tree,
With the bright lamp there beneath them in the street?
It was exquisitely sweet:

So unaffected, so unconscious that it was heard.
Or was it because she looked across the city,
Across the hills of tenements, so black,
And thought of all the mothers with a young and infinite pity? . . .
The child had fallen asleep, the hush swept back,
The leaves hung lifeless on the tree.

V

It was too bad the sky was dark.
A cat came slinking close along the wall.
For the moon was full just now, and in the park,
If the sky were clear at all,
The lovers upon the moonlight grass would sprawl,
And whisper in the shadows, and laugh, and there
She would be going, maybe, with a white rose in her hair . . .
But would youth at last grow weary of these things,
Of the ribbons and the laces,
And the latest way of putting up one's hair?
Would she no longer care,
In that undiscovered future of recurring springs,
If, growing old and plain, she no longer turned the faces
And saw the people stare?
Would she hear music and not yearn
To take her lover's arm for one more turn? . . .
The leaves hung breathless on the dripping maple tree,
The man across the street was going out.
It was the evening made her think such things, no doubt.
But would her lover grow old sooner than she? . . .
Only the evening made her think such things, no doubt. . . .

VI

And yet, and yet,—
Seeing the tired city, and the trees so still and wet,—
It seemed as if all evenings were the same;
As if all evenings came,
Despite her smile at thinking of a kiss,
With just such tragic peacefulness as this;
With just such hint of loneliness or pain;
The perfect quiet that comes after rain.

The Poetry Review of America *Conrad Aiken*

THE INN OF THE FIVE CHIMNEYS

It had five chimneys, had that Inn,
(As every man has senses five,
The while upon earth he bides alive)
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!

The clapboards, warped and gray, showed stains
Of more than an hundred autumn rains;
No birds sang about the eaves,
Only the leaves, only the leaves,
Murmured in a minor weird
As though they shrank, as though they feared,—
Feared some blind, inscrutable thing,
And ever they kept on murmuring.
Upon the window-panes the dust
Was caked and cracked like a wizened crust,—
A grimy crust that none would touch
Unless he felt gaunt famine's clutch.
Mould made dank and dark each door,
And every lintel and every floor
With the drifting silt of the years was deep;
And shapes that crawl and writhe and creep
Traced strange arabesques over all.

It had five chimneys, had that Inn,
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!

Above, in the long low dancing-hall,
You could hear the death-watch in the wall,
A sound that seemed to jibe and mock
Like the eerie tick of a ghostly clock.
In every corner and crevice hung
Spider-tapestries that clung
To the crumbling mortar,— grim festoons;
And the wraith of ancient rigadoons
Floated faintly, as though unseen
Fiddlers fingered the chorded bow,
And maskers, antic of garb and mien,
Flitted in sinuous to and fro.

It had five chimneys, had that Inn,
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!

And every chamber, wide and bare,
Breathed on the dim and moated air
Spectral echoings,— doubts and fears,
Hates and loves of the parted years;
And every hallway and every stair
Creaked and groaned with the gruesome tread
Of those long silent, of those long dead,—
Youth, in its radiant rainbow guise;
Wrinkled Age, with its shrunken eyes;
Honor, garbed in the mail of Trust;
Poverty, Riches and slinking Lust;
Oh, what a motley!— vanished quite
Into the vastnesses of night!

It had five chimneys, had that Inn,
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!

And so I left it standing still
And stark by the crossroads under the hill,
With its sagging roof and its rotting beams,
And all of its tangled maze of dreams.
But it holds me, aye, it haunts me yet,
Like a hooded vision of Regret,
Though I fain would say to it, "Be gone!"
As to the night mists saith the dawn.
And yet I needs must let it dwell
In memory till some happy spell
Shall bid it be invisible!
Come, healing spirit, and touch my soul,
And make it sweet and sane and whole!

It had five chimneys, had that Inn,
(As every man has senses five,
The while upon earth he bides alive)
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!

The Poetry Journal *Clinton Scollard*

END AND BEGINNING

The world of the elder gods is aflame. The smoke
of its burning,
Heavy with fumes of carnage, darkens the shuddering
skies.
Tortured flesh in ashes to tortured earth is returning.
Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

Rise, for this is thine hour. The mighty who said they
had slain thee,
Stretch their stiffening hands to a redly perishing
prize.

Thou who hast bided thy time in the tomb that could
not retain thee,
Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

Spirit of light and freedom, behold thy foundation is
ready.
Dust and blood and tears, the glory of empire lies.
Wonderful over the waste, strong as the sun and as
steady,
Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

The Bellman *Amelia Josephine Burr*

BUTTADEUS

(A Battle Episode of July, 1915)

I understand: that smoke-cloud is Souchez
(Your gunners know their craft!); that is Ablain,
Or was Ablain; this dust and shattered stone,
The chapel of Our Lady of Lorette;
And there you fought, that frenzied middle May,
From spur to spur along this torn Plateau,
From trench to trench; and there your burrowing
bombs
Tossed from their graves the rotting Teuton dead
To mix with these new slaughtered . . .

You are blest
Who, for the winged and visioning spirit of France,
Tread God's permitted way to splendid death!
If I could also die . . .
Yes; I am old,
Old by uncounted battles. Friends, I saw
Jerusalem fall! I saw the sacred hill
Boil horribly skyward from a plain of dead,
A mount of blood and flame. I saw the walls,

The strength of Zion, razed to earth. I lived
Whilst they, a million, five score thousand, died
Of pestilence and hunger, fire and sword.

You smile.— This is not dotage: I am he,
The cobbler — surely you have heard the tale —
Who, buffeting the Master (whence my name
Buttadeus, God-smiter), bade him go,
He fainting on my threshold 'neath the cross.
"I go," he said; "wait thou until I come,
Ahasuerus!" . . . I am waiting still . . .

Smile on, French comrades! If I too could smile,
Perchance I too could die! . . . In your dear tongue,
Tongue of the Midi, I am Boutedieu;
I am the watcher of the wars of earth;
I am the witness of the man he was;
I am the prophet of his peace. Smile on!

Great war? World war? I hear you call it so —
Well, you have seen but this, while I have seen
Blood reddening nineteen hundred rings of growth
Of the fair tree of Christ, that tree whose roots
Suck from the muck of earth the living sap
That flowers in man's consciousness of God.

Great war? This is a skirmish! Good and ill
Fight out their age-long battle and shall fight
Till heaven's kingdom, even as he said,
Is all in all within us . . .
Peace? Peace? Peace?
While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!
He did not prate, the Master. Nay, he smote!
I am his witness and this thing I saw:

It was the Passover. The Gentiles' Court
Was thronged with hucksters; and I too was there

Yelping my string of sandals; and the beasts
Bellowed and bleated, while the cries of greed,
The filthy word, the reek of sweat, steamed up
The sacred steps, across the Women's Court,
Even to the Holy Place. And as I yelped
He came swift striding, silent, sackcloth-girt,
Wielding a mighty scourge. No flagellant's toy
It was that purged the Temple! Shittim-wood,
Hard, heavy, fashioned by his craftsman hands,
With ropes, hard, heavy, knotted at the ends,
Bone-biting. See! these old, old scars will show
Whether his arm could strike, trained to the axe,
To hew the plow-beam, shape the oxen's yoke
(His yokes were easy, said the Nazarenes)
And fell the oak and gopher. Through the Court
He strode, with stroke on axeman's stroke, his hair
Sweat-matted, in every sinew righteousness
That wrought the will of God by wrath of man!
And there were shrieks of fear and snarls of pain
And blood and bruises, as those hewing stripes
Fell on our thieving backs — and mine was one.
And when the Court was purged and all was calm,
He turned him to the common folk he loved
And spake the words you know. But words and
blows
And these dear witness scars mean only this:
"While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!"

You nod, French comrades, looking grimly down
On lost Souchez, on shattered Givenchy,
And the white road to Lens. You understand
The godlike flame and frenzy of the man;
You think of Belgium, all her ruins and wrongs,
A den of thieves, a temple still unpurged;
You think of France, her sacred woman-soul

Maddened with memories of nameless things —
You understand! How well you understand . . .

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! Your master-gunners there
Thunder that gospel; and evolving life,
Life mounting Godward, knows that teaching true
While flesh is flesh, while sin is sin — And yet
There is another gospel! For your hearts,
Passioned with wonder and worship and great dreams,
There is another gospel!
Feel this air,
Warm with the sun of France, invisible,
Fluent, enfolding, palpitating, vast,
Breathing and breathed. Dear friends, around our souls
Floweth another air invisible,
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — God!

This was the Master's message; nothing more:
This was the Master's message! But He dies,
Nailed to misunderstanding as a cross,
Through age on age of error. He was man
As we are men, and God as we are God,
Not otherwise, else is that message vain —
O Lover I smote! Ineffable Loneliness
That faced Golgotha! Thou hast come indeed;
I share thy vigil on the mountain height;
I know the passion of Gethsemane;
I feel the Presence flow across thy soul,
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — Love!

Brothers, believe this truth: that whoso prays
As prayed the Master; whoso fashions his heart
By wonder and worship and immortal dreams
To a gift meet for Godhead; whoso yearns

To lose his self in Self's infinitude —
The pure Shechinah in his soul shall dwell
As in the Master's. And every man on earth
May live as he, wrapt in the Spirit Divine,
The Fatherhood whose sons are all that love;
And, living so, shall year by happy year,
And life by life, and light by mystic light,
Up to the mount of self's last Calvary,
Know that which passeth understanding — Peace;
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — Peace!

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! else mercy, justice, truth,
Freedom and faith, shall die for humankind —
Slay! that His Law may live! But, having slain,
O seek the quiet places in your souls,
The lonely shore of your Gennesaret,
Your Mount of Olives, your Gethsemane,
Where waits the Peace of God.

The Forum *William Samuel Johnson*

CHAMPAGNE, 1914–15

In the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
  Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
  And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
  The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
  That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise
  The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
  At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . . .

That other generations might possess —
  From shame and menace free in years to come —
A richer heritage of happiness,
  He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
  Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
  His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
  Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
  And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
  Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
  In the slant sunshine of October days. . . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have known;

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the belovéd shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear!

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,

Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
  Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them — amorous of dear Earth as well,
  They asked no tribute lovelier than this —
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
  Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

North American Review — *Alan Seeger*
Deuxième Régiment Étranger

RED PEARLS

(Heard in a Revery)

FIRST VOICE

That you should be here! Who could ever guess!

SECOND VOICE

Then you remember me, Columbia?

FIRST VOICE

Yes —
Our friendship, long ago, beside the sea!
But tell me, by what sudden conjury
Do you appear before me like a flame,
You, from the land of war?

SECOND VOICE

Your message came.

FIRST VOICE

Mine?

SECOND VOICE

Yours. It reached me in a bit of shell.

FIRST VOICE

I sent no message.

SECOND VOICE

I recall it well.
Come look upon my pearls is what it said.

FIRST VOICE

Strange! When I clasped them on to-night, they shed
Such a soft lustre over me that I
Down in my deepest heart said mistily:
"If *he* might see them, see them perfect, white,
And know me beautiful! Oh, if he might!"

SECOND VOICE

And I have come. And you are beautiful.

FIRST VOICE

See my long rope of pearls, delight as cool
As after-kisses of wild fluttering wings!
You — man of space — who seem to know all things,
Do you, then, know its story?

SECOND VOICE

Yes, I know.

FIRST VOICE

How it is but my own elation's glow?
How fortune upon fortune comes to me?

SECOND VOICE

I know. And they are beautiful to see!
Pearls! Pearls! And how they shimmer, gem on gem!
Now let me have a closer look at them:
This round perfection is a shattered jaw,
And this a mangled brain. Two eyes that saw
Are these two pearls, the eyes of one I brothered,

Now living in eternal darkness smothered.
This was a forehead. These were powerful forms,
These, sturdy limbs. And this, that glows and warms,
This is the bright supremacy of pain.
A noble story,— gold and gold again
For blood and blood and blood!

FIRST VOICE

I cannot listen!

SECOND VOICE

These three that with your breathing glance and glisten,
These are three tortured women.

FIRST VOICE

Hush, O hush!

SECOND VOICE

But look, they change, they seem to overflush.

FIRST VOICE

My pearls! My lovely pearls! They are turning red!
They weigh, they press! I snatch at stinging lead!

SECOND VOICE

Snatch,— but they will not move.

FIRST VOICE

What awful ban,
What spell, is on my fingers? Help, help, man,—
O take them off!

SECOND VOICE

I cannot.

FIRST VOICE

Help!

SECOND VOICE

The dawn
Is breaking in your house. The guests are gone.
And the last servant sleeps with sodden ears.

FIRST VOICE

Help, some one, help me!

SECOND VOICE

Call,— but no one hears.

FIRST VOICE

Ah, man or ghost, they are fire on fire! They bite!
Have pity,— tear them off!

SECOND VOICE

Not any might
May lift them, neither ghost's nor man's endeavour.
For they must cling about your neck forever.

The International *Agnes Lee*

HARVEST-MOON: 1916

Moon, slow rising, over the trembling sea-rim,
Moon of the lifted tides and their folded burden,
Look, look down; and gather the blinded oceans,
Moon of compassion.

Come, white Silence, over the one sea pathway:
Pour with hallowing hands on the surge and outcry,
Silver flame; and over the famished blackness,
Petals of moonlight.

Once again, the formless void of a world-wreck
Gropes its way through the echoing dark of chaos;

Tide on tide, to the calling, lost horizons,
One in the darkness.

You that veil the light of the all-beholding,
Shed your tidings down to the dooms of longing,
Down to the timeless dark; and the sunken treasure,
One in the darkness.

Touch, and harken — under the shrouding silver,—
Rise and fall of the heart of the sea and its legions
All and one; — one with the breath of the deathless,
Rising and falling.

Touch and waken, so, to a far hereafter,
Ebb and flow, the deep, and the dead in their longing:
Till at last, on the hungering face of the waters,
There shall be light.

(*Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake.*
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;
And let Light perpetual shine upon them,—
Light, everlasting.)

The Poetry Review of America
Josephine Preston Peabody

MALMAISON

I

How the slates of the roof sparkle in the sun, over there, over there, beyond the high wall! How quietly the Seine runs in loops and windings, over there, over there, sliding through the green countryside! Like

ships of the line, stately with canvas, the tall clouds pass along the sky, over the glittering roof, over the trees, over the looped and curving river. A breeze quivers through the linden trees. Roses bloom at Malmaison. Roses! Roses! But the road is dusty. Already the Citoyenne Beauharnais wearies of her walk. Her skin is chalked and powdered with dust, she smells dust, and behind the wall are roses! Roses with smooth open petals, poised above rippling leaves . . . Roses . . . They have told her so. The Citoyenne Beauharnais shrugs her shoulders and makes a little face. She must mend her pace if she would be back in time for dinner. Roses indeed! The guillotine more likely.

The tired clouds float over Malmaison, and the slate roof sparkles in the sun.

II

Gallop! Gallop! The General brooks no delay. Make way, good people, and scatter out of his path, you, and your hens, and your dogs, and your children. The General is returned from Egypt, and is come in a calèche and four to visit his new property. Throw open the gates, you, Porter of Malmaison. Pull off your cap, my man, this is your master, the husband of Madame. Faster! Faster! A jerk and a jingle and they are arrived, he and she. Madame has red eyes. Fi! It is for joy at her husband's return. Learn your place, Porter. A gentleman here for two months? Fi! Fi, then! Since when have you taken to gossiping? Madame may have a brother, I suppose. That — all green, and red, and glitter, with flesh as dark as ebony — that is a slave; a bloodthirsty, stabbing, slashing heathen, come from the hot countries to cure your tongue of idle whispering.

A fine afternoon it is, with tall bright clouds sailing over the trees.

"Bonaparte, mon ami, the trees are golden like my star, the star I pinned to your destiny when I married you. The gypsy, you remember her prophecy. My dear friend, not here, the servants are watching; send them away, and that flashing splendour, Roustan. Superb — Imperial, but . . . My dear, your arm is trembling; I faint to feel it touching me! No, no, Bonaparte, not that — spare me that — did we not bury that last night! You hurt me, my friend, you are so hot and strong. Not long, Dear, no, thank God, not long."

The looped river runs saffron, for the sun is setting. It is getting dark. Dark. Darker. In the moonlight, the slate roof shines palely milkily white.

The roses have faded at Malmaison, nipped by the frost. What need for roses? Smooth, open petals — her arms. Fragrant, outcurved petals — her breasts. He rises like a sun above her, stooping to touch the petals, press them wider. Eagles. Bees. What are they to open roses! A little shivering breeze runs through the linden trees, and the tiered clouds blow across the sky like ships of the line, stately with canvas.

III

The gates stand wide at Malmaison, stand wide all day. The gravel of the avenue glints under the continual rolling of wheels. An officer gallops up with his sabre clicking; a mameluke gallops down with his charger kicking. Valets-de-pied run about in ones, and twos, and groups, like swirled blown leaves. Tramp! Tramp! The guard is changing, and the grenadiers off duty lounge out of sight, ranging along the roads toward Paris.

The slate roof sparkles in the sun, but it sparkles milkily, vaguely, the great glass-houses put out its shining. Glass, stone and onyx now for the sun's mirror. Much has come to pass at Malmaison. New rocks and fountains, blocks of carven marble; fluted pillars uprearing antique temples, vases and urns in unexpected places, bridges of stone, bridges of wood, arbours and statues, and a flood of flowers everywhere, new flowers, rare flowers, parterre after parterre of flowers. Indeed, the roses bloom at Malmaison. It is youth, youth untrammeled and advancing, trundling a country ahead of it as though it were a hoop. Laughter, and spur janglings in tesselated vestibules. Tripping of clocked and embroidered stockings in little low-heeled shoes over smooth grassplots. India muslins spangled with silver patterns slide through trees — mingle — separate — white day-fireflies flashing moon-brilliance in the shade of foliage.

"The kangaroos! I vow, Captain, I must see the kangaroos."

"As you please, dear Lady, but I recommend the shady linden alley and feeding the cockatoos."

"They say that Madame Bonaparte's breed of sheep is the best in all France."

"And, oh, have you seen the enchanting little cedar she planted when the First Consul sent home the news of the victory of Marengo?"

Picking, choosing, the chattering company flits to and fro. Over the trees the great clouds go, tiered, stately, like ships of the line bright with canvas.

Prisoner's-base, and its swooping, veering, racing, giggling, bumping. The First Consul runs plump into M. de Beauharnais and falls. But he picks himself up smartly, and starts after M. Isabey. Too late, M. Le Premier Consul, Madamoiselle Hortense is out after you. Quickly, my dear Sir! Stir your

short legs, she is swift and eager, and as graceful as her mother. She is there, that other, playing too, but lightly, warily, bearing herself with care, rather floating out upon the air than running, never far from goal. She is there, borne up above her guests as something indefinably fair, a rose above periwinkles. A blow rose, smooth as satin, reflexed, one loosened petal hanging back and down. A rose that undulates languorously as the breeze takes it, resting upon its leaves in a faintness of perfume.

There are rumours about the First Consul. Malmaison is full of women, and Paris is only two leagues distant. Madame Bonaparte stands on the wooden bridge at sunset, and watches a black swan pushing the pink and silver water in front of him as he swims, crinkling its smoothness into pleats of changing colour with his breast. Madame Bonaparte presses against the parapet of the bridge, and the crushed roses at her belt melt, petal by petal, into the pink water.

IV

A vile day, Porter. But keep your wits about you. The Empress will soon be here. Queer, without the Emperor! It is indeed, but best not consider that. Scratch your head and prick up your ears. Divorce is not for you to debate about. She is late? Ah, well, the roads are muddy. The rain spears are as sharp as whetted knives. They dart down and down, edged and shining. Clop-trop! Clop-trop! A carriage grows out of the mist. Hist, Porter. You can keep on your hat. It is only Her Majesty's dogs and her parrot. Clop-trop! The Ladies in Waiting, Porter. Clop-trop! It is Her Majesty. At least, I suppose it is, but the blinds are drawn.

"In all the years I have served Her Majesty she

never before passed the gate without giving me a smile!"

"You're a droll fellow, to expect the Empress to put out her head in the pouring rain and salute you. She has affairs of her own to think about."

Clang the gate, no need for further waiting, nobody else will be coming to Malmaison tonight.

White under her veil, drained and shaking, the woman crosses the antechamber. Empress! Empress! Foolish splendour, perished to dust. Ashes of roses, ashes of youth. Empress forsooth!

Over the glass domes of the hot-houses drenches the rain. Behind her a clock ticks — ticks again. The sound knocks upon her thought with the echoing shudder of hollow vases. She places her hands on her ears, but the minutes pass, knocking. Tears in Malmaison. And years to come each knocking by, minute after minute. Years, many years, and tears, and cold pouring rain.

"I feel as though I had died, and the only sensation I have is that I am no more."

Rain! Heavy, thudding rain!

V

The roses bloom at Malmaison. And not only roses. Tulips, myrtles, geraniums, camellias, rhododendrons, dahlias, double hyacinths. All the year through, under glass, under the sky, flowers bud, expand, die, and give way to others, always others. From distant countries they have been brought, and taught to live in the cool temperateness of France. There is the *Bonapartea* from Peru; the *Napoleone Impériale;* the *Josephinia Imperatrix,* a pearl-white flower, purple-shadowed, the calix pricked out with

crimson points. Malmaison wears its flowers as a lady wears her gems, flauntingly, assertively. Malmaison decks herself to hide the hollow within.

The glass-houses grow and grow and every year fling up hotter reflexions to the sailing sun.

The cost runs into millions, but a woman must have something to console herself for a broken heart. One can play backgammon and patience, and then patience and backgammon, and stake gold Napoleons on each game won. Sport truly! It is an unruly spirit which could ask better. With her jewels, her laces, her shawls; her two hundred and twenty dresses, her fichus, her veils; her pictures, her busts, her birds. It is absurd that she cannot be happy. The Emperor smarts under the thought of her ingratitude. What could he do more? And yet she spends, spends as never before. It is ridiculous. Can she not enjoy life at a smaller figure? Was ever monarch plagued with so extravagant an ex-wife? She owes her chocolate-merchant, her candle-merchant, her sweetmeat purveyor; her grocer, her butcher, her poulterer; her architect, and the shopkeeper who sells her rouge; her perfumer, her dressmaker, her merchant of shoes. She owes for fans, plants, engravings, and chairs. She owes masons and carpenters, vintners, lingères. The lady's affairs are in sad confusion.

And why? Why?

Can a river flow when the spring is dry?

Night. The Empress sits alone, and the clock ticks, one after one. The clock nicks off the edges of her life. She is chipped like an old bit of china; she is frayed like a garment of last year's wearing. She is soft, crinkled, like a fading rose. And each minute flows by brushing against her, shearing off another and another petal. The Empress crushes

her breasts with her hands, and weeps. And the tall clouds sail over Malmaison like a procession of stately ships bound for the moon.

Scarlet, clear-blue, purple epauletted with gold. It is a parade of soldiers sweeping up the avenue. Eight horses, eight Imperial harnesses, four caparisoned postillions, a carriage with the Emperor's arms on the panels. Ho, Porter, pop out your eyes, and no wonder. Where else under the Heavens could you see such splendour!

They sit on a stone seat. The little man in the green coat of a colonel of Chasseurs, and the lady, beautiful as a satin seedpod, and as pale. The house has memories. The satin seedpod holds his germs of Empire. We will stay here, under the blue sky and the turreted white clouds. She draws him; he feels her faded loveliness urge him to replenish it. Her soft transparent texture woos his nervous fingering. He speaks to her of debts, of resignation; of her children, and his; he promises that she shall see the King of Rome; he says some harsh things and some pleasant. But she is there, close to him, rose toned to amber, white shot with violet, pungent to his nostrils as embalmed rose-leaves in a twilit room.

Suddenly the Emperor calls his carriage and rolls away across the looping Seine.

VI

Crystal-blue brightness over the glass-houses. Crystal-blue streaks and ripples over the lake. A macaw on a gilded perch screams; they have forgotten to take out his dinner. The windows shake. Boom! Boom! It is the rumbling of Prussian cannon beyond Pecq. Roses bloom at Malmaison.

Roses! Roses! Swimming above their leaves, rotting beneath them. Fallen flowers strew the unraked walks. Fallen flowers for a fallen Emperor! The General in charge of him draws back and watches. Snatches of music — snarling, sneering music of bagpipes. They say a Scotch regiment is besieging St. Denis. The Emperor wipes his face, or is it his eyes? His tired eyes which see nowhere the grace they long for. Josephine! Somebody asks him a question, he does not answer, somebody else does that. There are voices, but one voice he does not hear, and yet he hears it all the time. Josephine! The Emperor puts up his hand to screen his face. The white light of a bright cloud spears sharply through the linden trees. "Vive l'Empereur!" There are troops passing beyond the wall, troops which sing and call. Boom! A pink rose is jarred off its stem and falls at the Emperor's feet.

"Very well. I go." Where! Does it matter? There is no sword to clatter. Nothing but soft brushing gravel and a gate which shuts with a click.

"Quick, fellow, don't spare your horses."

A whip cracks, wheels turn, why burn one's eyes following a fleck of dust.

VII

Over the slate roof tall clouds, like ships of the line, pass along the sky. The glass-houses glitter splotchily, for many of their lights are broken. Roses bloom, fiery cinders quenching under damp weeds. Wreckage and misery, and a trailing of petty deeds smearing over old recollections.

The musty rooms are empty and their shutters are closed, only in the gallery there is a stuffed black swan, covered with dust. When you touch it the feathers come off and float softly to the ground.

Through a chink in the shutters one can see the stately clouds crossing the sky toward the Roman arches of the Marley Aqueduct.

The Little Review. *Amy Lowell.*

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
" If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ — save France!

" But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: " Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, ' Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
' A son to France.'

" Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle,*
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

" Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,

Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time —
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
"Yesterday —'twas a splinter of shell —
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Vive la France!"

Scribner's Magazine.

Charlotte Holmes Crawford.

SONNETS

I

EDITH CAVELL

The world hath its own dead; great motions start
In human breasts, and make for them a place

In that hushed sanctuary of the race
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
A name to pray on, and to all a face
Of household consecration; such His grace
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
Thy country now is all humanity!
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
In the harsh scything of the German sword,
And beautifies the world that saw it die!

II

PICQUART

Picquart, no brighter name on times to be
Thy country raises, nor all Europe vaunts,
Thou star of honor on the breast of France,
Soldier of justice; all men honor thee
Who to false honor would'st not bow the knee,
Nor parley with the time's intolerance;
Thou art of those to whom the whole world grants
The meed of universal memory.

Loyal to more than to thy sabre vows,
Kissed on the sword and hallowed oft with blood;
True to thy land's ideal of equal laws;
Champion of human rights; about thy brows,
Thy battles done, how fair thy laurels bud,
Thou lying dead, a victor in man's cause!

Scribner's Magazine.

George Edward Woodberry.

AMERICA AND FRANCE

In Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France

I

Ay, it is fitting on this holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When, with sweet flowers of our New England May
Hiding the lichened stone by fifty years made gray,
Their graves in every town are garlanded,
That pious tribute should be given too
To our intrepid few
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.
Those to preserve their country's greatness died;
But by the death of these
Something that we can look upon with pride
Has been achieved, nor wholly unreplied
Can sneerers triumph in the charge they make
That from a war where Freedom was at stake
America withheld and, daunted, stood aside.

II

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
Parted impetuous to their first assault;
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose
The cenotaph of those
Who in the cause that history most endears
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.

III

Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,
Nor to be mentioned in another breath

Than their blue coated comrades whose great days
It was their pride to share, ay! share even to the death.
Nay, rather, France, to you they rendered thanks
(Seeing they came for honor, not for gain),
Who, opening to them your glorious ranks,
Gave them that grand occasion to excel,
That chance to live the life most free from stain
And that rare privilege of dying well.

IV

O friends! I know not since that war began
From which no people nobly stands aloof
If in all moments we have given proof
Of virtues that were thought American.
I know not if in all things done and said
All has been well and good,
Or if each one of us can hold his head
As proudly as he should,
Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead
Whose shades our country venerates today,
If we've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone astray.
But you to whom our land's good name is dear,
If there be any here
Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,
Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red
Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,
Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,
And cry: "Now heaven be praised
That in that hour which most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe

She checked each onset, arduous to stem —
Foiled and frustrated them —
On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers;
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops,
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours!

V

There, holding still in frozen steadfastness
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie — our comrades — lie among their peers.
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon diastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon,
And earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.
But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer clouds and sunset crimson hued,
And showers and night winds and the northern star.
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar.

From our ignobler plane
And undistinction of our lesser parts:
Hail, brothers, and farewell; you are twice blest,
brave hearts.
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died for France and vindicated us!

New York Sun. *Alan Seeger.*

TO A DEAD SOLDIER

Though all the primrose paths of morning called
Your feet to follow them, and all the winds
Of all the hills of earth, with plucking hands
Wooed you to slopes that shone like emerald,
You might not go. The thin green grass that binds
Your feet had Earth and Death to forge its bands.

The rain's wet kiss is on your lips, where lay
Once the live pulses of a woman's soul;
Your eyes give back unto the quiet sky
Only the sheen of stars, the glare of day,
Or darkness when the kindly shadows roll
Up from the sea to hide you where you lie.

No woman's whisper holds your strong heart spent
And breathless. All the silver horns that blew
While legions cheered, are still. These things are
done,
But these you have: a death for monument,
And peace you died to buy, and after you
The laughing play of children in the sun.

The Eliot Literary Magazine.
Kendall Harrison.

A DOG

So, back again?
— And is your errand done,
Unfailing one?
How quick the gray world, at your morning look.
Turns wonder-book!
Come in,— O guard and guest.
Come, O you breathless from a life-long quest; —
Search here my heart; and if a comfort be,
Ah, comfort me!
You eloquent one, you best
Of all diviners, so to trace
The weather-gleams upon a face;
With wordless, querying paw,
Adventuring the law!
You shaggy Loveliness,
What call was it? — What dream beyond a guess,
Lured you, gray ages back,
From that lone bivouac
Of the wild pack? —
Was it your need? — Or ours, the calling trail
Of faith that should not fail? —
Of hope dim understood? —
That you should follow our poor humanhood,
Only because you would!
To search and circle,— follow and outstrip,
Men and their fellowship;
And keep your heart no less,
Your back-and-forth of hope and wistfulness,
Through all world-weathers and against all odds!
Can you forgive us, now,—
Your fallen gods?

The Poetry Review of America.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

1777

I — THE TRUMPET-VINE ARBOR

The throats of the little red trumpet-flowers are wide
open,
And the clangor of brass beats against the hot sun-
light.
They bray and blare at the burning sky.
Red! Red! Coarse notes of red,
Trumpeted at the blue sky.
In long streaks of sound, molten metal,
The vine declares itself.
Clang! — from its red and yellow trumpets;
Clang! — from its long, nasal trumpets,
Splitting the sunlight into ribbons, tattered and shot
with noise.
I sit in the cool arbor, in a green and gold twilight.
It is very still, for I cannot hear the trumpets,
I only know that they are red and open,
And that the sun above the arbor shakes with heat.
My quill is newly mended,
And makes fine-drawn lines with its point.
Down the long white paper it makes little lines,
Just lines — up — down — criss-cross.
My heart is strained out at the pin-point of my quill;
It is thin and writhing like the marks of the pen.
My hand marches to a squeaky tune,
It marches down the paper to a squealing of fifes.
My pen and the trumpet-flowers,
And Washington's armies away over the smoke-tree
to the southwest.
"Yankee Doodle," my darling! It is you against the
British,
Marching in your ragged shoes to batter down King
George.

What have you got in your hat? Not a feather, I wager.
Just a hay-straw, for it is the harvest you are fighting for.
Hay in your hat, and the whites of their eyes for a target!
Like Bunker Hill, two years ago, when I watched all day from the housetop,
Through Father's spy-glass,
The red city, and the blue, bright water,
And puffs of smoke which you made.
Twenty miles away,
Round by Cambridge, or over the Neck,
But the smoke was white — white!
To-day the trumpet-flowers are red — red —
And I cannot see you fighting;
But old Mr. Dimond has fled to Canada,
And Myra sings "Yankee Doodle" at her milking.

The red throats of the trumpets bray and clang in the sunshine,
And the smoke-tree puffs dun blossoms into the blue air.

II — THE CITY OF FALLING LEAVES

Leaves fall,
Brown leaves,
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.
They fall,
Flutter,
Fall again.
The brown leaves,
And the streaked yellow leaves,
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downwards.

One,
One, two, three,
One, two, five.
All Venice is a falling of autumn leaves —
Brown,
And yellow streaked with brown.

"That sonnet, Abate,
Beautiful,
I am quite exhausted by it.
Your phrases turn about my heart,
And stifle me to swooning.
Open the window, I beg.
Lord! What a strumming of fiddles and mandolins!
'Tis really a shame to stop indoors.
Call my maid, or I will make you lace me yourself.
Fie, how hot it is, not a breath of air!
See how straight the leaves are falling.
Marianna, I will have the yellow satin caught up with
silver fringe,
It peeps out delightfully from under a mantle.
Am I well painted to-day, *caro Abate mio?*
You will be proud of me at the Ridotto, hey?
Proud of being *cavaliere servente* to such a lady?"
"Can you doubt it, *bellissima Contessa?*
A pinch more rouge on the right cheek,
And Venus herself shines less . . ."
"You bore me, Abate,
I vow I must change you!
A letter, Achmet?
Run and look out of the window, Abate.
I will read my letter in peace."

The little black slave with the yellow satin turban
Gazes at his mistress with strained eyes.
His yellow turban and black skin

Are gorgeous — barbaric.
The yellow satin dress with its silver flashings
Lies on a chair,
Beside a black mantle and a black mask.
Yellow and black,
Gorgeous — barbaric.
The lady reads her letter,
And the leaves drift slowly
Past the long windows.
"How silly you look, my dear Abate,
With that great brown leaf in your wig.
Pluck it off, I beg you,
Or I shall die of laughing."

A yellow wall,
Aflare in the sunlight,
Chequered with shadows —
Shadows of vine-leaves,
Shadows of masks.
Masks coming, printing themselves for an instant,
Then passing on,
More masks always replacing them.
Masks with tricorns and rapiers sticking out behind
Pursuing masks with veils and high heels,
The sunlight shining under their insteps.
One,
One, two,
One, two, three,
There is a thronging of shadows on the hot wall,
Filigreed at the top with moving leaves.
Yellow sunlight and black shadows,
Yellow and black,
Gorgeous — barbaric.
Two masks stand together,
And the shadow of a leaf falls through them,
Marking the wall where they are not.

From hat-tip to shoulder-tip,
From elbow to sword-hilt,
The leaf falls.
The shadows mingle,
Blur together,
Slide along the wall and disappear.

Gold of mosaics and candles,
And night-blackness lurking in the ceiling beams.
Saint Mark's glitters with flames and reflections.
A cloak brushes aside,
And the yellow of satin
Licks out over the colored inlays of the pavement.
Under the gold crucifixes
There is a meeting of hands
Reaching from black mantles.
Sighing embraces, bold investigations,
Hide in confessionals,
Sheltered by the shuffling of feet.
Gorgeous — barbaric
In its mail of jewels and gold,
Saint Mark's looks down at the swarm of black masks;
And outside in the palace gardens brown leaves fall,
Flutter,
Fall.
Brown,
And yellow streaked with brown.

Blue-black the sky over Venice,
With a pricking of yellow stars.
There is no moon,
And the waves push darkly against the prow
Of the gondola,
Coming from Malamocco
And streaming toward Venice.

It is black under the gondola hood,
But the yellow of a satin dress
Glares out like the eye of a watching tiger.
Yellow compassed about with darkness,
Yellow and black,
Gorgeous — barbaric.
The boatman sings,
It is Tasso that he sings;
The lovers seek each other beneath their mantles,
And the gondola drifts over the lagoon, aslant to
the coming dawn.
But at Malamocco in front,
In Venice behind,
Fall the leaves,
Brown,
And yellow streaked with brown.
They fall,
Flutter,
Fall.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Amy Lowell*

TO SIGURD

Not one blithe leap of welcome?
Can you lie
Under this woodland mould,
More still
Than broken daffodil,
When I,
Home from too long a roving,
Come up the silent hill?
Dear, wistful eyes,
White ruff and windy gold
Of collie coat so oft caressed,
Not one quick thrill

In snowy breast,
One spring of jubilant surprise,
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never more
Those royal romps of old,
When one,
Playfellow of the sun,
Would pour
Adventures and romances
Into a morning run;
Off and away,
A flying glint of gold,
Startling to wing a husky choir
Of crows whose dun
Shadows would tire
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-day
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching, you would catch
A crow, O leaper bold,
Next time,
Or chase to branch sublime
That batch
Of squirrels daring capture
In saucy pantomime;
Till one spring dawn,
Resting amid the gold
Of crocuses, Death stole on you
From that far clime
Where dreams come true,
And left upon the starry lawn
Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so wondrous sweet
Across the glimmering wold

That you
Would trustfully pursue
Strange feet?
When I was gone, each morrow
You sought our old haunts through,
Slower to play,
Drooping in faded gold;
Now it is mine to grieve and miss
My comrade true
Who used to kiss
With eager tongue such tears away,
Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is death,
Nor how vast Heaven may hold
All this
Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.
Christ saith
That not a sparrow falleth
—O songs of sparrow faith!—
But God is there.
May not a leap of gold
Yet greet me on some gladder hill,
A shining wraith,
Rejoicing still,
As in those hours we found so fair,
To follow where love calleth?

Scribner's Magazine *Katharine Lee Bates*

MATER DOLOROSA

O clinging hands, and eyes where sleep has set
  Her seal of peace, go not from me so soon.
O little feet, take not the pathway yet;
The dust of other feet with tears is wet,

And Sorrow wanders there with slow regret;
O eager feet, take not the path so soon.

Take it not yet, for death is at the end,
And kingly death will wait until you come.
Full soon the feet of youth will pass the bend,
The eyes will see where followed footsteps wend.
Go not so soon, though death be found a friend;
For kingly death will wait until you come.

Harper's Magazine *Louis V. Ledoux*

LAMENT

He is gone with his blue eyes,
Whom I love most,—
Gone among the cliffs and fog
On a far coast,—

He who scatters wit and pride
From his keen tongue,
He who finds himself so deep
And is so young; —

He whose joy is in sweet words
And kindliness,—
Whom old men love, and little boys
No whit the less. . . .

Rooms are silent that were glad
Seven days ago.
I can feel across my heart
The great tides flow.

Love, the blind importunate,
Craves touch and sight;

Briefly parting, feels and fears
Eternal night.

Fear is sweeping on the wind
Like acrid foam.
I have said farewell to peace
Till he comes home.

The Trimmed Lamp — *Isabella Holt*

THE DEAD

I

Think you the dead are lonely in that place?
They are companioned by the leaves and grass,
By many a beautiful and vanished face,
By all the strange and lovely things that pass.
Sunsets and dawnings and the starry vast,
The swimming moon, the tracery of trees —
These they shall know more perfectly at last,
They shall be intimate with such as these.
'Tis only for the living Beauty dies,
Fades and drifts from us with too brief a grace,
Beyond the changing tapestry of skies
Where dwells her perfect and immortal face.
For us the passage brief: — the happy dead
Are ever by great beauty visited.

II

All Souls' Night! Forth from their dwelling places
They cross the aching and uneasy night,
Seeking old doors and dear remembered faces,
Peering unseen in windows where a light
Falls on some book they loved or on some chair
Where they had rested many a night ago;
And well for them if one dear face be there

Whose unforgetting eyes they knew — and know.
Ah, well for them if in the quiet speech
That passes round the low-burned candle flame,
Some old familiar tale the listeners reach,
And silence fall about a spoken name.—
Better their sleep in those dim dwelling places,
For finding remembered and remembering faces.

The Forum *David Morton*

"IF I COULD HOLD MY GRIEF"

If I could hold my grief in calm control,
And look its blinding terror in the face;
If I could welcome it to its own place
Deep in my heart; if I could sweep the whole
Of this fierce pain, that seems to drown my soul,
Into my being like a firm embrace,
And let it with my life's stream interlace,—
Then Grief and I, perchance, might win the Goal.
But if I shrink, with dim, averted eyes,
Craving to hurry through the restless days,
Seeking escape,— a wounded creature, blind,—
Then all my deeper self, that hidden lies,
In vain shall strive to lead me in the ways
That Grief would teach my lagging feet to find.

The Poetry Review of America
Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE BROKEN FIELD

My soul is a dark ploughed field
In the cold rain;
My soul is a broken field
Ploughed by pain.

Where windy grass and flowers
Were growing,
The field lies broken now
For another sowing.

Great Sower, when you tread
My field again,
Scatter the furrows there
With better grain.

The Yale Review *Sara Teasdale*

OPEN WINDOWS

Out of the window a sea of green trees
Lift their soft boughs like arms of a dancer;
They beckon and call me, "Come out in the sun!"
But I cannot answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,
Sick abed and June is going,
I cannot keep her, she hurries by
With the silver-green of her garments blowing.

Men and women pass in the street
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,
But we know more of it than they,
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,
Breathless and blinded by the race,
But we are watchers in the shade
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

The Yale Review *Sara Teasdale*

THE POPPIES

This is the garden of your joyous care,
Where such a little time before you died
You walked with pleasant pride
And pointed out your favorites, the rare
Tree roses, and the riotous delight
Of poppies, from the crimson to the white
Sounding the gamut of ecstatic hue.
So richly coloured was all life to you!
You never called the world a vale of tears.
Such long and loving labor overgrown!
How soon the wild undoes your patient years . . .
Not wholly; with each summer's weeds I see
Poppies arise, self-sown.
They are your garden's immortality.

What would be Heaven for you? It comforts me
To picture you with leisure and with strength
To bring to life at length
Your dreams of beauty — all your soul set free
From the mean goading of necessity,
And from the bodily pain
You bore so bravely, like a galling chain
That heavy grew and heavier, each day.
When death struck these away
I knew the magnitude of your release
By your high look of peace.
God knows I had no lack of tears, but they
Were not for you. My sorrow was my own.
I read —"*I will not leave you comfortless,*
But I will come to you." I had not known
The meaning of those words until your death.
You were less near to me when I could press
Your hand, and feel your breath
Upon my cheek, than now. You seem so near,

So full of life, so constantly more dear,
I feel it only needs to turn my gaze
To see you standing here
Among your flowers, as in other days.
Like little shouts of exultation sweet
The poppies at my feet
Loose to the wind their petals. Let them die —
From them shall spring new beauty, by and by.
They are not over-greedy for a pledge
Of immortality; they give their best
To earth — God knows the rest.
So did you tread your path across the edge
Of this our visible world. You did not hoard
Your spirit's treasure for a world unseen
Nor chaffer with your God for a reward
Ere you would serve. You did not even trust
Your master would be just.
You went your way, generous and serene,
And gave unquestioning all you had to spend
As friend to friend.
If you had known that all should end in dust
You would have thought it shame to drop your sword,
Because you fought your beasts at Ephesus
Not for yourself — for us,
Who loved in you the love of righteousness.
There is no soul that touched you in the stress
Of that great battle where you did your part
So gallantly, which you did not impress
With your own chivalry. In every heart
That knew you, there is sown
A ruddy-blossomed seedling of your own.
Whatever Heaven there beyond may be,
This I can see!

If this dear presence by my love discerned
Be your own self, the self I knew, returned

From larger life in some transfigured guise
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Or if it be your spirit as it grew
Unconsciously of my own self a part,
Could it be any nearer if I knew,
Or dearer, to my heart?
You are in God, as you have always been.
Although I find it sweet
To dream that I shall know you when we meet
In such a garden as you cherished here,
I will not wait until I die, my Dear,
For Heaven to begin.
Sweeter it is to know that I can give
Your deathless bounty to a world in need.
I sow you as the poppy sows her seed,
And in my love you live.

The Bellman — *Amelia Josephine Burr*

LAUGHTER

Yes, I say yes —
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to Laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

Man's the bad child of the universe.
I know that;
Am I not a man?
Wicked is my wickedness — an impudent girl.
We dance on the housetops when the moon is aloft,

We dance in the street, in the public glare;
But who knows us, who sees us?
My visible feet are still, and my face is solemn.

As Sunday is the Sabbath, a day of holy unctions,
I said, I will go visit the solemn ones,
They whose mouths are turned down at the corners,
and whose glassy eyes never wink or gleam:
I will visit not the worshipers in a church;
I will go visit the fishes.

Crowded was the aquarium:
On one side the glass, the people; on the other, the solemn ones.
I stood and marveled at the miracle of their gravity.

You see, they wave their fins, open their mouths,
And hang suspended in bubbling waters;
The perfect circle of their flat eyes heaves a little without lids;
They are neither happy nor unhappy.
I knew they were fishes; but did they know they were fishes?
No, nor even that I, watching them, was a man!

O dear old Universe, you big clumsy giant who find a whole sky too small to sprawl over,
You star-bellied monster,
Who outstare me with a galaxy of eyes —
I, that stand here, so little, that your least tremor would crush me and my earth,
I, your bad child, your *enfant terrible,*
Wink at you and laugh.

Why so solemn, Universe?
Why such millenniums of ages of laughterless struggle?

Did you care only to increase life and to raise it?
To push up fiercely from sun into earth, from earth into animals,
From ape into man?
Your stars shine, your waters roar, your earthquakes quake, and the noses of your cats sneeze,
How gravely!

Not that there is not sportiveness and joy.
Surely cubs play, and the love-season sounds with the joy of the birds;
The young colts bound in the meadow,
The rooster crows,
The whisper of new green leaves has gladness in it.
But joy is not laughter, and the deepest joy is sad.

Old Universe, you are one great flood, and the animals are all under your waters.
Only man has poked his head up above the surface, and taken a look around,
And seen you, old Universe, and all your children, and his own absurd self,
And, opening his mouth wide, has wickedly laughed.

For joy is sacred, and laughter is wicked.
Joy is inside life; laughter is outside.
Joy is half conscious only; laughter stands off and proceeds from the intellect.
The lark sings because he must;
Man laughs because he is free.

Why does the porpoise jump out of the water, and splash?
A part of his solemn business.
But the human beings crowded around his circular tank shook the dome with shouting laughter.

The porpoise obeyed you, old Universe;
But man disobeys you!

Consider us, Creation!
Though you bore us, though you took patient eras
beyond counting to create us,
Somehow we are enough detached from you and from
your purpose
To look back and laugh.

Worse than that!
Consider how your bad children circumvent you.
We put our fingers to our noses and wiggle them at
you, Creation!
We make mating sterile;
We drink alcohol;
We live in places of stone and steel;
We tear our earth up and disembowel her;
We float where we were meant to sink;
You think to darken us with the night, so we light
lamps;
You think to freeze us with the cold, so we start fires;
And our ha-ha shakes our theaters to the amazement
of dumb heaven.
Are we not cynical, uproarious, obscene, and
impudent?
Do we not proclaim ourselves the top-notch of the
world?
And therein are we not godly?

Behold, though you are terrible,
Though you shadow us over with a mysterious
vastness,
Though your smallest toe is as huge as the Milky
Way,

And we stand just below it,
We laugh back and are unafraid, and treat you at best as a jolly comrade.

But, dear old Universe, it's the wickedest child that is the darling.
We *are* your darlings, are we not?
Truly now fine impudent young gods have risen to companion you,
Yes, to transcend you, and by transcending you, bring you to new fulfilments.

For your sublimity has bungled.
It simply spewed out life, chaotic, haphazard,
Till by divine accidents, and out of the deadliest purposes,
We were born: to see; to know; to take hold on creation;
To laugh away fear and vastness and the doubts that inhibit,
And so, with glad visions, to build up a world in the world,
And shape ourselves greater.

Laughter saves us;
Still more than half of us is buried in the quicksands of the tragic universe.
Still we suffer, slay, and are tortured;
Still we doubt and are damned.
But comes the moment when we look round about at ourselves,
And, seeing how absurd our own antics are, laugh and are healed.

And so at the last the laughing animal shall save creation.
Already the wizened stars must be pricking up their ears, dumfoundered,
To catch that raucous cackle and chortle from the worthless earth,
That mirth in the trenches of the dead,
That noise of relatives eating ham sandwiches after the funeral is over,
That chuckle of the rebuilders of cities following the earthquake,
That wheezing gay cough of the dying consumptive over the doctor's joke.

Come, old Universe, follow the laughters!
They are sane; they see; they shall know; they are ripe for adventures;
Their daring shall bear no limit;
Their courage is wickedly great.
Nerved with your purpose, they rise from chaos, creating;
They are out to conquer, they are out to work,
They shall sow the skies with laughter.

And now I think that your very purpose was in this:
That your great face struggled for ages on ages to break in a smile.
Ye are that smile.

So I say yes —
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

The Century Magazine *James Oppenheim*

I WILL SEND THE COMFORTER

April lit the apple-flower and waved it,
  Music nested on the spray,
Loudly called the lookout bird through rainbows,
  Earth was curving into May.

In that hour the light from hillside orchards
  Pierced me, and the heavens about
Opened, and before intenser burning,
  Fire by fire myself went out.

Flashing seas beyond the melted skymark
  Sang beneath another dome;
There my vision sailed to breathless knowledge,
  Sailed and found and drew back home.

Peace was in me from the starry motion,
  Then this breast bore One divine,
At Life's marriage feast the hidden Lover,
  Master of the water and wine.

Through this flesh his suns of power and beauty
  Warned the moaning worlds to song;
Bread and healing from my broken body
  Fed the sky-bewildered throng.

Oh, my spirit would have freed earth's music,
  Radiant, captive, yearning, mute;

Swift I plucked and held up apple branches,
  Signals of the ripened fruit.

But the morning fell as leaves around me,
  And the clay unpurified
Mocked me, scourged me, till the dove-like glory
  Vanished from my wounded side.

Broken apple branches reaching sunward,
  Distant sea and no sail spread,
These remain, and clouds above the hillside,
  And the multitude unfed.

Yet my heart had found on one far island
  Where the high dream dipped its prow,
Arrowy odors of immortal apples,
  Raining from a golden bough.

Flame that led me in that hour of marvel,
  Shall we ever win again
Past the sea-line to the fruit and bring it
  Glorious for the hearts of men?

Helmsman, lover, I am empty-handed,
  Silent, empty, year on year,
But through all the skies my longing rises,
  Longing, longing. Will you hear?

The Comforter Speaks:

My beloved, I have never left you.
  Through your breath I breathe the night,
Through your veins my pulses flow in darkness,
  But in deeper worlds is light.

Deep within you sweep the burning splendors
  Brighter than your gaze can bear;

There I watch among the dawns within you,
  Sky on sky is folded there.

There I see the outward heavens open
  As the inner heavens unfold;
There, in tidal light, eternal islands
  Orb the ever-living gold.

On those inward shores are fountains lifting
  Powers and suns of endless might;
Songs of birth and gleams of dancers dancing
  Wash the ripening worlds with light.

Inward branches bear those fires of marvel
  Slowly in the lonely clay.
Whoso suffers for my flame shall slowly
  Find me in the inner day.

Wanderers deepening to those bright horizons
  Hidden by the bosom's wall,
Slowly as through music long forgotten
  Reach me and remember all.

Lonely one in silences unyielding,
  I am there whom tears conceal;
After victories I am in the stillness,
  Underneath despairs I heal.

Whoso suffers for my vision to bring it starlike
  Earthward out of dream at last,
Bears the fruit and deepens homeward from the
    darkness,
  Holy sailor of the starry vast.

The New Republic — *Ridgely Torrence*

CINQUAINS

I

TRÌAD

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

II

MOON-SHADOWS

Still as
On windless nights
The moon-cast shadows are,
So still will be my heart when I
Am dead.

III

SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

"Why do
You thus devise
Evil against her?" "For that
She is beautiful, delicate;
Therefore."

IV

NIGHT WINDS

The old
Old winds that blew
When chaos was, what do
They tell the clustered trees that I
Should weep?

V

AMAZE

I know
Not these hands
And yet I think there was
A woman like me once had hands
Like these.

VI

THE WARNING

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. . . . Why am I grown
So cold?

Others: A Magazine of the New Verse
Adelaide Crapsey

MASTERY

I would not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind-blown and nearly beaten out,
Rather the terror of the nights
And long sick groping after doubt,
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control —
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole though feeble mastery.

The Bellman *Sara Teasdale*

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

The rusty key has whined in the lock, the rickety
door is fast;
They are shut inside with their irksome job, left to
themselves at last.
A dozen chairs, and a rough deal board, and a cur-
tain hung askew —
And here they'll bide till they can decide, the twelve
good men and true.

A prisoned bee in the hot sunlight hums on an upper
pane,
His low monotonous mumble set to a garrulous grim
refrain —
"Guilty or not?" "Guilty or not?" The heavy
hours lurch by.
They nick the table with idle knives, and shift their
quids and sigh.

Æons gone, when the new-turned world rolled to the
brink of space,
Out of a storm of star-dust hurled to its appointed
place —
The great Lord God that fashioned it spake in the
Trinity.
(Surely a thunder shook the skies.) Let Us make
man, said He.

Up in the dusty jury room the frantic bee falls dumb;
A yawning watcher seals its doom with the flick of
a calloused thumb.
"Guilty or not?" "Guilty or not?" They fidget
with their trust —
A freeman soon, or, in a moon, a dangling sack of
dust?

Eleven in line; one lagging back, an old saw in his head,
Let Us make man, let Us make man . . . something the Lord God said.
Scrape of a chair, thump of a boot; he feels for his hat with a frown;
"Have it your way, I've said my say. Look ye, the sun is down!"

Æons gone, with His own strong hands and by His own strange plan,
Back in the red, dim dawn of time, brooding, He made Him man,
In His own splendid image wrought; then, when the frame was whole,
Breathed in his nostrils the breath of life, and lo, a living soul!

The rusty key has groaned in the lock, a scuffling tread's on the stair;
The wise judge offers his hooded ear. His words drop slow and spare:
"Hanged by the neck till dead," speaks he. Make way and let them through —
They're tired, now, and they want their tea, the twelve good men and true!

Boston Transcript *Nancy Byrd Turner*

AT THE OLD LADIES' HOME

There in a row of chairs upon the porch
I saw them, women alien from the world,
Set in a niche to watch the world go by:
A few, born saints . . . but some had outworn sin;

Sisters at last, from having done with life.
Here Joan of Arc, grown past her soldier-dream,
And Mariamne, spared her Herod's wrath,
Forgetting Herod, gossiped for an hour;
While calm Francesca, once knowing Paolo's love,
Sat knitting peaceful in the noonday sun,
And Nicolette, with Aucassin long gone,
Made painful writing with a wrinkled hand.

"Ah, let me die," I prayed, "before the glow
Shall leave my body, and before my tears
Shall buy me patience; take me while I feel
The lure-of-things that blesses with its hurt —
Dear God, give me not age!" (For I would keep
You in my heart of hearts . . . for whose sad eyes
These lines are set, O Dearest . . . to the last.)
Just then, among the many faces there,
I glimpsed a face most delicate and pale
And very lovely with that wistfulness
In which the shadows of long sorrow lie;
Meeting my look, she smiled, and, with that smile,
Somehow the lilacs by the iron fence,
The plumed grass brushing low across the path,
Brought back to me an afternoon in May
And a sweet garden where I sometimes played
When I fared forth in gingham pinafore:
I saw Another (dead so many years,
Her name I could not in that hour recall):
Old she had been as ashes in a jar
She kept upon a high, old-fashioned chest
In an old-fashioned room in her still house . . .
Now I remembered with what passionate warmth
A cheek had once been pressed against my cheek,
What frail and trembling arms had lifted me
To touch that silvery dust within the jar.

Perhaps it is God's will I shall grow old
And none may read beneath my quietness . . .
Gardens in May, or any memory
Of you! And yet for very shame to-night
I change my prayer, and ask for strength to live.

The Bellman *Ruth Guthrie Harding*

SONG

I make my shroud, but no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair,
With stitches set in even rows.
I make my shroud, but no one knows.

In doorway where the lilac blows,
Humming a little wandering air,
I make my shroud, and no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

The Century Magazine *Adelaide Crapsey*

THE CLERK

" Two and two are four, four and three are seven "—
That is all that he can say where he sits in Heaven;
" Two and two are four, four and three are seven "—
Through the long celestial day.

" Two and two are four, four and three are seven "—
Once he used to sing it down the halls of Heaven;
" Work is hard but there's an answer,
Far ahead great things are waiting,
I will add the magic Figures,

I will seek the gleaming Balance —
I will win the Master's praise."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—
Not so careful now in the place of Heaven;
"Work is good but there is pleasure,
I am young with time before me —
O bright angel, from the shops of Heaven,
Dance awhile, the Harper's playing —
Drink the rainbow wine with me!"

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—
Then he only droned it on his stool in Heaven;
"Work is bread and bread is living,
Little mouths grow very hungry
In the rooms of Paradise —
She must wear a golden feather
When she walks along the sky."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—
Just a whisper now through the walls of Heaven;
"O I can not find the error,
Can not strike the gleaming Balance —
All the magic's out of Figures,
All the wonder out of loving,
And the Master has no praise."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—
Still he mutters on at the books of Heaven —
"Work is bread and bread is living"—
Through the long celestial day.

Contemporary Verse · *Scudder Middleton*

WE WHO WERE LOVERS OF LIFE

(Chorus from "Persephone in Hades" in "The Story of Eleusis")

We who were lovers of life, who were fond of the hearth and the homeland,
Gone like a drowner's cry borne on the perilous wind,
Gone from the glow of the sunlight, now are in exile eternal;
Strangers sit in the place dear to us once as our own.

Happy are they; and they know not we were as strangers before them;
Nay, nor that others shall come: Knowledge belongs to the dead.
Life is so rich that the living look not away from the present;
Eyes that the sun made blind learn in the dusk to see.

Once we had friends, we had kindred; all of us now are forgotten,
All but the hero-kings, lords of the glory of war;
These with the founders of cities, live for a little in stories
Told of the deeds they did, not of the men that they were.

Those who were mighty but linger, shadowy forms in a legend;
Never the minstrel's tale tells what they were to their wives.
None on the lips of remembrance live as their children knew them;

Merged in the darkness kings rank with the recordless dead.

Whether our lifetime brought to us joy or the burden of sorrow,
Whether in youth or age, all when we come from the earth
Clinging to memories wander slow through the shadowless meadows,
Dash from the proffered cup Lethe's oblivious draught.

Long are the years and uncounted passed in the seasonless twilight
Thinking of things that were, feeling the ache of regret;
Slowly the echoes fade and the homeland hills are forgotten:
Over the flame-swept waste waters of healing are poured.

Lovers of action, lovers of sunlight, rovers of ocean,
Shepherds, tillers of earth, yea, at the last we forget.
Longer a woman remembers words that were uttered in moonlight,
Girlhood's vision and dream, pitiful things of the home.

Here by the rivers of Hades; Phlegethon, Acheron, Lethe,
Wisdom comes, and the dead judge what they did with their lives:
Never the clustering vineyard yielded to any its fulness —
Ah, but the children here playing their desolate games!

THE YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY 1916

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FIFTEEN IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1916

The Jig of Forslin. A Symphony of Vicarious Adventure. By Conrad Aiken. (The Four Seas Co.) Mr. Aiken has written a long poem in which the hero tells his "vicarious adventures." He conducts the reader through the channels of his reflections, which brood upon incidents that would be sordid and immoral if they were not vitalized with some far-reaching speculations on truth and destiny. The poem in a sense is stark realism, with all those elements of modernity which brings one face to face with humanity.

Life and Living. By Amelia Josephine Burr. (George H. Doran Co.) Impulsiveness has been a part of Miss Burr's poetic charm. But in this new volume it no longer vanishes off in moods that grow vague as a distinct echo. The fearless observation of life reflected in this collection shows a notable advance in her art. She commands a technique of admirable simplicity; she has an instinctive sense of music. Her power of visualization is of a high order. She sings in the truest sense, being a suggester and interpreter of life and experience, holding no brief, except for what is lovely and true.

April Airs. By Bliss Carman. (Small, Maynard and Co.) In this volume we find Mr. Carman again giving voice to the elemental things of the world. He is aboundingly youthful and ardent. He gives us the "unworn ritual of eternal things." The poet does not take us into the school of exhortations, but rather out into the open where the lessons are from nature's own hand, bounteous with her beauties and delights, with her mysteries and magic of flower and wind, and roads and skies and streams. He is possessed of an imaginative vision clear as sunlight.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.) Verse with the economy of speech and the prodigality of spirit, verse that wears its own habit of adornment, and that has its own miraculous vision of life, is the kind of verse Adelaide Crapsey has left us. This volume is the remarkable testament of a spirit flashing "unquenched defiance to the stars." In form the verses are perfectly chiseled gems. Miss Crapsey invented a form called "Cinquains," in which is contained a dynamic mood or thought. The vigor and depths of the poet's emotional

and imaginative force are, in these, at their best. The power to condense the abstract inner mood into this utterance so concrete, so swiftly and overpoweringly transformed, has all the evidence of that extraordinary quality we call genius.

The Cycle's Rim. By Olive Tilford Dargan. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) In this sonnet-sequence Mrs. Dargan produces a poem that comes near to being a masterpiece. It is a memorial, but each individual sonnet is a wreath of intellectual analysis in which the flowers of emotion and imagery are set as in a design.

Mountain Interval. By Robert Frost. (Henry Holt and Co.) All the qualities which we have come to associate with Mr. Frost's poetry are here repeated with a broader conception of the spirit of rural New England life, and a technique of verse more tightly woven to the principles of rhythm developed in his earlier volumes. The poems in this collection however, are more compressed in substance. There are pieces of sheer lyrical beauty, filled with the color and atmosphere of the New England countryside; and there are narratives such as "Snow" and "In the Home Stretch," which for suspense and characterization are handled with supreme invention. That indescribable magic which Mr. Frost evokes from the plain and severe quality of New England life and character glows again in these pages.

The Story of Eleusis. By Louis V. Ledoux. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. Ledoux of all our younger American poets, is the most thoroughly imbued with the classic mood. He expresses a genuine passion, there is no false simulation, no reflection of a glamor that is remote by association, or is the thin echo of other imaginative voices. The "Story of Eleusis" dealing with the legend of Persephone and Demeter, is a poetic play in which the poet symbolizes the final triumph of the soul over darkness. The art of the play is built up with rhythms whose elaborate and grave music is all the more impressive for the simplicity of diction. From the beginning to the end one feels the consciousness of its architectonic values, the sense of a monumental mood embodied in the fitting materials of speech.

Men, Women and Ghosts. By Amy Lowell. (The Macmillan Co.) Definitely the verse-stories in this volume place Miss Lowell among the contemporary poets who have arrived. Now that her art, an art built upon the elements of revolt against tradition, has amply and fully

functioned to a degree where it can no longer be assailed for either inadequacy or wilfulness; her substance alone offers a matter for controversy. But the substance is here with an astonishing measure of emotional and visionary power. It is seldom to be discerned by any test of subjective sentiment; she knows experience as something spun like fine sunshine thrown over life, and from which she evokes an objective pattern more universal than particular. It is a reading of life, dramatic, vivid, effective, in which delicate and tender moods, are as expressive as those vigorous strokes in which qualities of romantic terror and naturalism abound.

Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. (The Macmillan Co.) The Masters of "Songs and Satires," will not hold our attention as he held it in the "Spoon River Anthology." The reason is obvious, and must not be counted against Mr. Masters, because it is largely, in fact wholly, the difference between reading a work with interrelated interests, reacting upon each other like a novel, and a work of quite independent parts. The diversity of themes in "Songs and Satires," is hardly less conspicuous than the forms which are employed in this volume. The exact cadence of the free verse which gave "Spoon River Anthology" its unusual character is not often presented here. There is ample evidence of it to show that Mr. Masters has not and does not intend to abandon its practice. Three or four of the most striking poems in this volume are written in this manner; but he uses for the most part the general conventions of metre, giving them their individual qualities by the adaptations of variety for the peculiar substantive purpose in hand, a common experiment with all good poets in our tongue. His materials in these poems are not essentially different from the materials of the "Anthology," if we regard a certain aspect of life which it is not pleasant to bring to the gaze of the market-place. They make that naked reality which goes with experience, desire in all its nudity, with tints of countenance, hue of limbs, subtleties of warm, vivid flesh; every differentiating quality symbolizing the cynical, satiric, ironic, pathetic, inexplicable paradox of soul and body.

The Night Court and Other Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. (The Century Co.) Miss Mitchell (in private life Mrs. William Sanborn Young) has a real and impressive power of imagination. Her highest poetic quality is a

little difficult to describe because it is at once both literal and symbolic. There is no one among our younger poets with quite her power of compressing the abstract and expanding the concrete within the same emotional furnace. For a first book this collection is an excellent accomplishment. There is a maturity of touch that seems incredible for a young poet; apart from the art, what is still more striking, is the substance which is streaked with so many gleams of a strong visual imagination.

War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. (The Century Co.) Blended with his social message in which democracy is habited with a spiritual vision, Mr. Oppenheim's poems in this volume give us a sense of the richness of the world. His philosophy is an acceptance of the existence to be experienced between war and laughter. It is a philosophy that has its roots in the earth, and its flower in the air of eternity. The struggle going on in man between his desire and possession, between his body and spirit, can be conquered by laughter. That is to say, man's salvation is in his natural joys. This volume will tend to confirm the impression made by "Songs for the New Age," that the social vision has in Mr. Oppenheim a channel of expression that is as vigorous with affirmation as it is subtle in symbolization, as colorful in image as it is natural in rhythmic balance.

Harvest Moon. By Josephine Preston Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) This is the first book we have had from Mrs. Marks for several years, and it comes as a serious and profound commentary on the ethical and moral aspects of war. The passionate substance of these poems rendered with all the subtle music and striking imagery which the poet has at hand, will leave an impressive record of this world-stormy period few, if any, American poets will approach. A spiritual significance rises from the poignant utterances of these poems and will have a determining influence upon man's attitude towards the senseless perpetuation of war. The volume sets a spark to the reawakened conscience of humanity.

The Man Against the Sky. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. (The Macmillan Co.) Here is a poet with the most individual art of any in America, and he achieves it by a process that is baffling because it is simple. It can be studied in the titular poem "The Man Against the Sky." In this ode we find the poet dealing with the lofty aspirations of humanity to achieve through the individual its high destiny,

with a commentary on the means and ideals, the checks and limitations of traditions, and the bold reliances upon prophetic orientations of the spirit. Over and over again the poet faces the inescapable future with clear and unperturbed recognition; and in dissecting the experiences of life, he lifts the appalling oppressiveness of its truth by a cleansing sense of humor. This volume contains the greatest poem ever written on Shakespeare, and numerous others which given the study that all profound and magical work demands, will satisfy the most exacting that in Mr. Robinson American poetry has to-day its deepest vision and most enduring speech.

Sea and Bay. By Charles Wharton Stork. (John Lane Co.) Mr. Stork has put the bay-folk of Rhode Island into a narrative poem that has a very telling significance. He has done, in a measure, for southern New England what a great many poets have done for the northern part. He has done it individually, and without leaning in any sense upon the success or achievements of his contemporaries of the north. He shows the influence of the bay and sea upon a man's life. A captivating link of episodes and situations carry one through the narrative with unabated interest. Songs of a fine lyrical quality are dispersed throughout the poem. Mr. Stork's accomplishment is not only marked for its poetic quality, but also for the story-interest.

Fruit-Gathering. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (The Macmillan Co.) A collection of the Bengali poet's translations of his own work in the beautiful style and mystical feeling of "Gitanjali." The message of this mystic, which gave a new sense of life and eternity to the English speaking world a few years ago, will be welcomed in this new collection which the admirers of the poet will not fail to make one of their most cherished verse-possessions of the year.

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1916

This list is not confined to articles on American poets or poetry, but includes articles and reviews dealing with all aspects of poetry in American publications. While the list is extensive it is not claimed to be complete. It provides, however, a valuable working source of reference for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry either American or European. In making the index conform to the titles, especially to the reviews in literary newspapers, it has been necessary for convenience, to supplement the titles of articles with names of authors and volumes.

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III. July 26: Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, A. St. John Adcock, J. C. Squire, George Sylvester Viereck.

IV. Aug. 2: Anthologies edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards, Alfred Kreymborg, Alfred Noyes, Richard Wilson.

V. Aug. 9: Caroline Stern, Frederick Mortimer Clapp, Robert Carlton Brown.

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VII. Aug. 23: Walter Conrad Arensberg.

VIII. Aug. 30: Madeline Bridges, Ignatius Brennan, Strickland Gillilan, Anthony Euwer.

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